

THE DUBLIN AND LONDON MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1828.

THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEA IN DUBLIN.

SOME modern philosophers, thinking better of us it appears than we deserve, have been pleased to rank us amongst the most devoted advocates of liberty. In their estimation we were determined republicans; and nothing could be more logically agreeable than their premises and conclusions. We have been oppressed, and therefore hated kings; we have experienced all the evils of bad government, and consequently we must be partial to a good one. This looks well in theory, but like other sightly fabrics it does not wear well; our practices are all kingly; we are fond of pomp and show; palaces, castles, balls, and routs; we worship majesty, and hail with rapture the appearance of his shadow—our viceroy—our pacha, if you will. These are facts which put to flight all the sickly dreams of politicians: there is no fear of a political separation; for though we should some day take it in our head to 'shew fight,' the result would be still favourable to royalty. We *would* have a king at all events, and in case of a dearth of regal heads, (of which there can be no apprehension) we would even place the diadem on the brow of Daniel O'Connell. Neither would this be so preposterous; 'the leader' boasts the full of tide of kingly blood in his veins; and if proper authorities were consulted, perhaps he stands legitimately nearer to the Irish throne than O'Connor-don himself. Be that as it may, we are a royalty loving people; and whatever may be said of our rebellious propensities, no one here ever thought, during the last six centuries, of setting up a republic, except Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmett. The dignified simplicity, the sober monotony of republicanism would never suit our mercurial dispositions. We are fond of effect, greatly prone to display, and hate to do ordinary things in an ordinary way. A chief governor with a few thousands a year would excite nothing but our contempt; and even Washington himself, were he an Irish chief magistrate, and to shew no better equipage than he did in

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America, I fear he would run a narrow chance of being hooted at; at all events he would obtain no applause. A levee at the end of a long train of carriages looks well, and a long list of the names of fair wives and beauteous daughters, with a catalogue of their millinery in the pages of a morning paper, looks better; but a lord-lieutenant, noble and wealthy, with a long rent-roll, and a known inclination to spend its produce, looks in Dublin the best of all!! The days of Rutland are returned; for the Marquess of Anglesea's residence in Dublin has nearly accomplished Columbcill's prophecy, so much dreaded by Sir Harcourt Lees—the Irish millenium has absolutely arrived! If the excitation continues we shall be the happiest people alive!

The Irish people have never been accused of ingratitude; yet I fear a special pleader would readily make out a strong case against them, because they have sometimes manifested an indifference towards chief governors who were wanting in those attributes of viceregal dignity—a splendid equipage, and fashionable and expensive habits. The Marquess Wellesley, if he feels our neglect, has only himself to blame; if he desired popularity, he had only to act as he did in India—build palaces and spend rupees in bushels full. A few more levees, with every man's body, like the remains of their fathers, cased in Irish woollens; and a few more dances in St. Patrick's hall, might have done wonders. We knew that he was not in the situation of the man who had so much gold that he died before he had done counting it, but he was in the receipt of thirty thousand a year, and on *that* we had an undoubted claim; not one farthing of it should have played the part of our haymakers and landholders—turned absentee. We had a right to its residence amongst us, but it did not remain; it crossed the channel, and, confound M'Culloch, he would say it did Ireland as much service as if it had remained amongst us. The marquess,

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to be sure, was never violently popular with either party; he endeavoured to curb the orangemen, wrote admirable memorials to the king, made a good speech when in council or at a public dinner, and was upon the whole an undeniable friend to Ireland—but—aye, there's the rub, he entered Dublin like a radical demagogue—in a post-chaise. That was not the way to win 'golden opinions.' We want something more fine, more attractive. Hang poverty! it is bad enough any where, but in a lord-lieutenant it is insufferable. Wisdom we could readily dispense with; of good intentions we want none, since his majesty had been with us; but we could not dispense with play-going viceroys, with lady-lieutenants, and her pages, and her ladies, and the hoops, and the chairs, the squeezing and *screeching*, and all the accompanying et cetera of a crowded ball-room, and a still more crowded castle-yard.

The Marquess Wellesley's taste and ours did not harmonize; he ought to have come to Ireland when he went to India, and had he showered gold and smiles upon us, we might perhaps have pardoned his oriental penchant, for—but 'no more of that, I pray you;' the hey-day of his blood is past; he was too old, and had too many creditors to make a popular Irish lord-lieutenant. He may, for all we care, have given his days and nights to affairs of state; have battled with Peel and Goulbourn for our benefit—but he did not hold levees; did not go often enough to the theatre; did not dress in Irish manufactures; did not court either orangemen or agitators; and therefore he left Ireland with the free consent of every one in it. We acted with more consistency than the politest courts; we rejoiced to see his successor, but we did not rejoice with the weeds of woe upon our backs. There was nothing melancholy about us. We wished to see the Marquess of Anglesea, and we expressed that wish loud and long. The late viceroy heard it—I hope it did not pain him; but I hope it will not fail to teach a useful lesson to future lord-lieutenants.

When it was announced that the Marquess of Anglesea had been appointed to preside over the destinies of the island, there was an amusing conflict of opinion raging in our metropolis. The ascend-

ancy men—the devourers of official dinners—were in raptures. The Catholic leaders had once spoken very freely of the noble marquess's politics, and 'on this hint' they speak. An enemy to the 'popish parliament' must per consequence be the friend of 'church and state, as by law established;' and, therefore, orangemen stood upon the tiptoe of expectation. David M'Cleary, the most eloquent tailor in Europe, stood unusually high in his slippers, and Sir Abraham Bradley King hinted quite audibly that he would not in future be under the necessity of turning his *surtout*. These manifestations of triumph on the side of the enemy, alarmed the council at the Corn Exchange. Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman emulated, in his profound cogitations, the expansive cheeks of Lord Norbury, and Mr. Conway, of the 'Evening Post,' looked more ponderously profound than ever. John Lawless's ample brow—and I never saw a finer profile—remained unruffled; for he had not then seen the marquess. While O'Connell joked and smiled with his usual appearance of indifference when he is meditating on doubtful points.

In the mean time fame was busy with her brazen tongue; the newspapers teemed with hints—all contradictory, but still calculated to keep the subject alive—to furnish table talk for those who discuss politics and swallow large potations of tea or whiskey punch. The marquess was wealthy—that was a grand consideration. He had once talked of fighting Paddy upon his own terms—that looked bad; but then he was sent to Ireland by a Whig Administration, and that looked well again. Upon the whole, things were in his favour, and when the curtain began to ascend our hopes began to brighten. The Pagets are a long tailed family; hosts of them were coming to rusticate in the Phoenix Park, and the whole of the Welch rent-roll would be spent in Dublin. The marquess was not a sun without a dawn; his retinue preceded him, and for some weeks Dublin and Holyhead were connected by a fashionable chain, which, like an electrical arch, was lightened at both ends at the same time. The *quid nuncs* were at fault; it was rumoured that the marquess intended to adopt the novel expedient of acting impartially; of letting the rays of his glory descend upon all alike. This gave

great satisfaction to the Catholics; hitherto the opposite parties, like distant hemispheres, never looked upon the same luminary at the same time. When it set to one it arose to the other, and the ascendancy men, like the inhabitants of nightless regions, contrived to live, with few exceptions, in eternal sunshine. They could not now credit rumours disadvantageous to their interests; and accordingly they prepared to worship the marquess, as some savages do the devil, more from fear than love. An Irishman's head is very unlike that of Janus; he never looks backward and forward at the same time; he feeds always either upon hopes or remembrances, but never feasts upon the double course at once. On the present occasion he thought only of the future; the marquess, dimly visible, gave full scope to the workings of imagination. The 'faction' saw in him a worthy successor to Richmond and Talbot; a man after Wellington's own heart; while the members of the Catholic Association saw, fashioned in the distant horizon, a pure disinterested lord-lieutenant, with healing on his wings and consolation on his lips, a nobleman who was to accomplish what the Earl Fitzwilliam had left unfinished. Neither party, however, were without their fears, though they studiously sought to conceal them; Mr. O'Connell attuned his voice to honeyed accents, and the 'Evening Mail,' was for once polite and modified. The marquess might turn out a very different personage to what either expected; and sound policy therefore consisted in refraining from committing themselves.

At length the great, the eventful day arrived; the noble marquess landed in Ireland, amidst the firing of the ordnance at the Pigeon House, and the shouts of the fishermen at Ringsend. Expectation was now on tiptoe; Mr. Saurin proceeded to the castle, and bowed low; Mr. O'Connell followed and bowed lower still; Sir Bradley King was quite graceful, and Mr. Sheil brought his horizontal profile to a respectful perpendicular. The marquess, like Belinda, had smiles for all, the most abstruse politician could not discover in the accent or manner a shade of partiality; and thus passed the first day.

In the mean time the press kept up a regular fire of compliments, which, like a shower of bon-bons at the carnival, fell

profusely and indiscriminately upon all the masqueraders (politicians are always disguised). One of the Pagets could not affect a graceful movement or curb up a steed from running over an apple woman; but it was noticed, with all the 'pomp of circumstances' in the pages of the morning papers; and though the ladies of the retinue, like the footless fowl of Indian fable, had not as yet tread upon our shamrogue soil; their figure and carriage were commented upon as models worthy of imitation. Madame de Genlis remarked that Lady Morgau had a strange habit of walking upon her toes when in Paris—it is an Irish fashion; in future, it is to be hoped the 'Paget walk' will have the preference.

The first levee and the first drawing-room seemed to give the 'lie direct' to all we had been talking and writing about Irish misery for the last twenty years. London itself could hardly have put forth greater manifestations of fashion and prosperity. Irish beauty, splendidly attired, must have given the marquess a *fair* idea of the country; and the number and splendour of our equipages, must have astonished his attendants. Poverty for once fled our city; and hid its wan cheek in the cellars or garrets of the liberty; the voice of complaint was hushed; and the magnificence and grandeur of the land walked forth renovated and astonished at its own extent and attraction. Catholics and Protestants mingled their gratulations; and for once the 'castle hacks' could not discover that *they* had distinctions to make. This was a partial triumph; the ascendancy men were humbled; their addresses were at first replied to generally; afterwards more particularly, and ultimately the marquess more than intimated that he desired harmony and not discord. This was tantamount to an avowal of liberality. The Corn Exchange reverberated with 'loud acclaims;' and when his excellency honoured the theatre—which the ladies of his household have taken under their special protection—with his presence. Irish feelings overflowed upon the head of his majesty's representative, and never were a people more noisome, or a viceroy more happy.

The habitual urbanity and good humour of his excellency, repressed the petulance of party spirit; and in a short time the 'higher orders' manifested a

soberness of aspect, which augured well for the future progress of good feeling. In the mean time our practical patriots were not idle; John Lawless, though very unlike a weaver, headed a deputation of clothiers, who have always maintained the opinion that a viceroy had it in his power to revivify the manufactures of Ireland, as the ostrich is said to hatch her eggs, by gazing on them. His excellency repeated the stale claptrap of wearing Irish cloth for his coat, and Irish cassimere for his inexpressibles, though there was not a patriot present, except my friend Lawless, who was not prepared to sell him imported wares for genuine 'home-made.' Men, however, experienced in natural divination, see in this an indication of halcyon days; and, therefore, the cry is in the true Irish style.—'Long live the Marquess of Anglesea! Long may he reign over us!'

Some wise men of cockney land have been pleased to laugh at all this as purely Irish—as an evidence of the inconsistency and frivolity of our national character; but they forget that the sombre English have been excited upon occasions not equally justifiable. In endeavouring to see the remains of the Duke of York lying in state, some score of miscarriages took place; and I have been myself unable to pass through St. Paul's Churchyard when there was no attraction for a crowd but the assemblage of some hundred charity children. These, too, were every day occurrences; but a rich and a liberal lord-lieutenant was a perfect novelty in Ireland. Hitherto the British government operated upon Ireland as the first sun did upon the original mud—it produced monsters—I mean a kind of moral monsters, who fed upon the vitals of their country with all the torturing voraciousness of the fabled bird of ancient mythology. They repressed its energy: and, like the Spanish authorities in South America, they willingly submitted to the inconvenience of poverty and national degradation, sooner than allow the people to emerge from the condition to which misgovernment and intolerance had reduced them. The Catholics, like the lion in Milton, were not, in a political sense, more than half animated: and they were, during the viceroyalty of the Marquess Wellesley, 'with their hinder parts struggling to get free.' They might say of the ascendancy fac-

tion as the Grecians did of the Trojans; 'Remove the mercenaries, and there would not be a captive among every ten of us;' yet the few contrived to lord it over the many, to gain exclusive possession of each successive lord-lieutenant; and, consequently, to burrow as usual in the holes and corners of the castle, to feast 'on the sops from the lion's pan,' and divide amongst themselves the good things of office. This, persisted in for centuries, was enough to make the people think that, like Roman slaves, they had to change their masters before they could hope for legal emancipation: but they are an enduring nation; and if long habit could reconcile them to injustice, they ought to be contented. With all the rancour which opposite opinions and religious conflicts could give them, their hearts are not made of such stern stuff as not to yield to any impression which a beneficent government chose to give them. The presence of the king, and the hopes which his visit begot, show that his majesty had only to will it, and see Ireland tranquil, and her people united. The plastic minds of courtiers would never offer opposition; and on a review of the case, the unwilling conviction is forced upon us, that government did not wish to see us happy.

We feel that we deserve to be happy; and, prepossessed in favour of good humour and its harbingers, is it any wonder that we are inclined to let our propensities run riot on what phlegmatic people would consider inadequate occasions? We are not accustomed to intervals of hope; and, sanguine and ardent, we hail every indication of national good with a fervency which ought long since to have convinced our oppressors that they lose a rich harvest of gratitude and support every year they withhold from us our rights. There does not live a people more forgiving or more inclined to pardon political apostacy. Let but the most besotted orangeman in Ulster extend the hand of good fellowship and we immediately embrace it; and the extent of our good nature, and the amplitude of the rules which we allow to our advocates may be gathered from the circumstance of some notorious blockheads being still in favor, merely because they vote once for us and ten times against us. We are accused of bigotry, but

no charge was ever made upon a less substantial foundation. The truth is, let any one advocate emancipation, and though they do it as vaguely as if they wrote by moonlight, they will find it almost impossible to offend us. We will be grateful in spite of insults. Lady Morgan, in her 'O'Brien's and O'Flaherty's,' has not hesitated to attribute much of Irish misery to priests and jesuits—the one she has represented as 'greasy rogues,' ignorant potyeen swillers—and the other as meddling, unprincipled politicians, with bad logic and worse morals; and yet Mr. O'Connell, on the appearance of the work, (some say, by way of still higher praise, before he had seen it,) pronounced an eulogium upon her ladyship, which deserves to be recorded.

'To Irish female talent and patriotism,' says the 'great leader,' we owe much. There is one name consecrated by a generous devotion to the *best* interests of Ireland—a name sacred to the cause of liberty, and every thing great, virtuous, and patriotic—the name of an illustrious female who suffered unmanly persecution for her talented and chivalrous adherence to her native land. Need he, (O'Connell) say that he alluded to Lady Morgan. Her name is received with enthusiasm by the people of that country where her writings create and perpetuate among the youth of both *sexes* a patriotic ardour in the cause of every thing that is noble and dignified.' No wonder that her ladyship prefers Dublin with all its inconveniences to a house in Regent Street, though offered her rent free, by Mr. Colburn? but is it not surprising, after this proof of Catholic liberality, that we should be taunted with bigotry and narrow mindedness?

How long we shall continue to manifest this primeval simplicity; this Christian perfection of turning the left cheek meekly to him who smites the right, it would not be safe to pronounce. Contumely, may one day provoke a proper resentment; and, like the supporters of our national arms—now hardly known to the heralds officers—we are sensible of caresses, but equally sensible of wrong. Our patience has been too much trespassed on of late, and there are some amongst us who discover in Mr. O'Connell symptoms of resentment, for the return of Mr. Villiers Stuart, M. P.

for the county of Waterford. We strained every nerve—put the whole of our political influence into operation; and induced the forty-shilling freeholders to act honestly, and run the risk of being rewarded with ruin.

Mr. Stuart was abundant in bows and smiles; pledged eternal fidelity, and disappointed us. In parliament, he, at the first time, exhibited unfitness for his situation, preferred his dinner and his friends to the cheers and thanks of a public meeting, and lastly expressed opinions which went to subvert the rights and privileges of the Irish peasantry.

Conduct like this, tends to destroy our confidence in public men, and recollections of similar tergiversation awakens fears in some men, who are supposed to look farther than their neighbours into futurity, for the Marquess of Anglesea. The Duke of Richmond, at the commencement of his seven years' reign, affected liberality, but we will not be guilty of the meanness of giving way to suspicion. We *will* confide in our viceroy's honour and justice.

It may be very possible that, according to the economists, the expenditure of the marquess in Dublin may be virtually of no more service than if the same sum were laid out among the haberdashers on Ludgate Hill; but for the soul of us we cannot think so, and therefore we prefer having the preference. This may be very absurd on our parts, but we like to be in a bustle—we like to see our streets crowded with equipages; our weavers employed; and our shopkeepers busy. Non-absentees would, we think, tend to produce all this; and because we think our viceroy will attract a crowd of wealth and elegance around his court, we take the liberty to be mightily pleased with him—to cry 'huzza!' and now and then to 'tip him a bit o'the blarney.'

The faction are somewhat sore at the marquess's condescension; and Lord Norbury has already perpetrated a score puns at the expense of his excellency's disaster at Waterloo. 'His vigilance,' says the superannuated wit, 'is extraordinary; while he has one leg in Dublin the other may be found in *Cork*.' 'True,' replied Sergeant Lefroy, essaying his first spiritual pun, 'and this carnal riot but ill becomes a Christian man

with one foot literally in the grave.' 'Oh!' returned the ex-judge, 'that does not signify, since he has got a solid *understanding*.' But Canning said all this before them. They are wise only at second hand.

A change is evidently coming over the scene: the Four Courts will soon eject its last lingering bigot from the bench. Sir Anthony Hart is becoming popular, and Manners—the knight of the woful countenance—is already forgotten. It is pleasant to see things im-

proving: Plunket in place of Norbury is a thing to be proud of; and though a few intolerants have, by a last act of desperate bigotry, been thrust into silk gowns, the growing liberality of the age will, it is to be hoped, soon infect even them. A viceroy, popular and just, would do more for the progress of good feeling than any measure short of emancipation; and it is because we are fully persuaded of this that we are enthusiastic admirers of the Marquess of Anglesea.

Dublin, March, 25, 1828. J. B.

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE.—TRINITY COLLEGE.

MY DEAR EDITOR.—I herewith send you the seventy-fourth number of the 'Quarterly Review,' just published. Among a rare quantity of rubbish, you will find a base and insidious attack upon the Irish Catholic Priesthood, and the professors at Maynooth, under cover of a review of the Report of the Commissioners of Irish Education Inquiry. The writer, with an appearance of candour, insinuates abundance of gall, and with no small ability, contrives to make the professors give utterance to sentiments which a fair interpretation of their evidence would not, by any means, warrant. Dr. McHale is charged with perjury, and Mr. Callan, the mathematical lecturer, with ignorance; and every one of the professors with equivocation and stupidity. This, however, is not the worst part of the article, 'we wish here,' says the writer, 'to call the attention of our readers to the different portions of Scripture read, and more especially to those omitted. Of the Old Testament seldom above two, or at most three, books of Moses are read. Of the New, the greater part of the four Gospels, and the Epistles to the Romans, the Corinthians, the Hebrews, Titus, Timothy, and some of those of St. Peter. The principal omissions are, the whole of the Prophets, the Apocrypha, which are reckoned canonical by the church of Rome, the second Epistle to the Thessalonians, first General Epistle of St. John and the Revelations—parts which, we cannot but feel, require almost more than any others the explanation of an able commentator. Of these, the Prophets contain many passages relating to antichrist, which Protestants apply to the pope and the Catholic church. The two Epistles, we

have mentioned, are considered as bearing strongly on the same question, especially 2 Thess. c. ii., and 1 Gen. Ep. of St. John, c. ii. and iv. We do not affirm, that, in omitting these very important and beautiful parts of Scripture, they were solely guided by a desire to escape from the difficulty in which they would have found themselves, had they been called upon by the students to explain the passages considered by Protestants as most particularly applicable to the Catholic religion. These omissions, however, have a suspicious appearance, and we cannot avoid laying considerable weight upon this fact; the more so, when we recollect their conduct with regard to the decalogue, on which no lectures are delivered, and to which reference is seldom or never made. Indeed, in Catholic catechisms, and books of religious instruction, the second commandment is frequently omitted. We remember, in the course of the debate in the House of Commons, last year, on the Catholic question, that Mr. Peel was violently attacked for having ventured to mention this fact, and for having produced the twenty-fifth edition of a catechism, printed with the approbation of Dr. Milner, and of the four Roman Catholic archbishops in Ireland, by Mr. R. Coyne, the publisher, we beg leave to remark, of Maynooth. In this, the second commandment is omitted; but the tenth is divided into two, that the name *Decalogue* may not appear *ex facie* a misnomer, and this omission, we can safely affirm, is very usual in Ireland. We can further add, that in many Catholic countries on the continent, we have ourselves seen a vast variety of religious works, in which the decalogue is

inserted in this mutilated form; and we must honestly confess that, however unjustifiable is such an alteration in the words of the Bible, we do not, by any means, consider it as an impolitic or uncalled for on the part of the Roman Catholics.'

Now this charge has been refuted about one thousand times, and if you allow me a few pages next month, I promise to disprove every one of the writer's assertions contained in this article disadvantageous to the Catholic priesthood. In the mean time, suppose we were to change our position of defendants and become plaintiffs, what would this fellow say? Is Trinity College quite unsailable? Read the following extract from Dr. Elmore's Letters to Earl Darnley, and then answer.

'The great and radical evil in Trinity College is, that it has by far too overgrown an income. The landed property cannot be less than thirty three thousand pounds per annum, and besides this, an income of money collected from the students, whose number is now prodigious, and divided amongst how many? *twenty-six* individuals in the entire, not including the professors of divinity, astronomy, or law, or those connected with the medical school, whose emoluments arise from other sources, and are highly lucrative. There are at present, I believe, between one thousand six hundred and one thousand seven hundred students on the books. Now estimating the sums paid by each to the college, whether as entrance fees, fees for a bowling green, (which has been closed for the last fifteen years, and the anatomy house now built on part of it,) as tutors fees, college fees, room rent, interest on deposits, fines, purchase money of degrees, certifying the same, and a long list of *et ceteras*; reckoning all this on an average only, at fifty pounds a head, and supposing there were only one thousand six hundred payers, here is a sum of eighty thousand pounds per annum, to be added to the thirty-three thousand; but even the half of this would be enormous, and by far the largest proportion of this goes to the pockets of the eight senior gentry, with the provost at their head, the other eighteen being obliged to be content with moderate pickings, such as free commons, and rooms, and on an average about one thousand five hundred pounds a year each; this, I say, is the radical evil, this causes men of moderate talent to think themselves a higher order of intelligence, this perpetuates the bad system devised centuries since.

'The system they think cannot be bad, that has done so much for them; if others don't profit by it, it is their own fault or misfortune,

they had not talent to get a fellowship: this brings it to pass, that if any one more quick sighted, more bold than his fellows, sees faults, or endeavours to have them amended, the cry is instantly raised that he is a troublesome and dangerous person, that he is an enemy to established order, and consequently neither a friend to church or state, who would wish to interfere with the rights and privileges of old alma mater, or who would dare to disturb her quiet inoffensive slumbers; for it is notorious, that the lethargy caused by the overgrown income, the greater part of which is entirely independant of any active, or at least suitable exertion is such, and so overpowering, that she has become entitled to the appellation of the silent sister; an epithet which, until within these last few years, almost no exception occurred to disentitle her to, and even now the exceptions are very limited in numbers, being, as regards the fellows, only three works on mechanics, (one a part translation of *La Places Mechanique Celeste*), and a translation of *Homer*, with notes.

'The very defective nature of the college course, whether we consider the under graduate course, or that prescribed to students of divinity, or what is much more baneful in its effects, the one marked out to those students, who make the gaining of a fellowship their object of pursuit; in the undergraduate's course, by far too much stress is laid on the necessity in each individual case, of an extensive and laborious round of reading in the dead languages of Greek and Latin, in which, after all, the Irish College is most lamentably defective, when compared with the University of Oxford, or any foreign one; no one will be mad enough to deny that in a seminary of the kind, strong inducements should be held out to some individuals, whose talents or tastes may make them desire to devote themselves to these subjects, or whose after-pursuits in life, may make it necessary for them; but to make it imperative on all, indiscriminately to apply themselves to studies, for which they have no liking, or which they know will never afterwards be of the least use to them in life, to make them undergo this drudgery, is a practical blunder. * * *

'The scientific course is the twin sister of the classical one; in logic will any man of education at the present day believe it, the entire consists of four examinations or terms equivalent to one college year, being given up to discussing the niceties and quibbles of *Murray's logic*.

'With respect to the mathematical and physical sciences, they have been latterly put on a much more respectable footing than they were; and take them all and all, they unquestionably form at this instant the most valuable branch of the education, shall I call it, to be acquired in Trinity College; yet much remains to be done in the classification of the

students. With respect to them it would be also absolutely, indispensably necessary, and the taste, genius, and pursuits almost of each individual to be provided for; leaving, however, the extensive field of the higher departments widely open for the progress of the *athletæ*; practical knowledge and the actual state of the arts, manufactures and conveniences of life, flowing from or connected with these subjects, are, I may say, altogether neglected and despised in this college.

‘Although I conceive that, in many respects, the mathematical and physical courses are the best constructed of any in the entire curriculum, yet they labour also under many defects. There is no public mathematical course of lectures, and perhaps, the most accurate assertion would be that that there is no course at all, for the nominal one is given, was never attended by any but those students, who were reading for a fellowship; and although the professor receives near five hundred pounds a year, yet he only gives three lectures a week during what is called term time, of which periods there are four in the year, the longest continuing for about six weeks, the next about four, the next, not three, and the summer one, scarcely one. The various holidays exist, so that on the entire not more than from *thirty to thirty-five* lectures are given during the year, and even these, I understand, have lately ceased altogether, for want of attendance. Practical mathematical lectures have never been dreamed of; there is a course of lectures on natural philosophy, and another on astronomy given, but the time is as limited for the natural philosophy course, as for the mathematical one; hence, the lecturer is forced to confine himself chiefly to the very limited and patched course prescribed to the students; and I absolutely know of no one advantage to be derived from this course, except that diligent students are by it furnished with the principles of the science, and enabled to understand the valuable productions of clever men, who have been attending to what is going on in the world around them; but to the great mass of young men, who go through college, this course is neither interesting nor useful, and therefore is entirely neglected by them.

‘As to ethics, I may say this branch of human knowledge is entirely neglected by them, except amongst students for fellowships; and I may add, as a science, it is unknown in college. The only books read in the course on that subject, are selections from Burlamaqui’s *Natural Law*; from Butler’s *Analogy of Nature and Revealed Religion*, and from Cicero’s *Offices*; and even they are only learned, so as to be able to answer a few quibbling questions, rather than with a view to gain any connected views of the subject itself. Locke on Government, was formerly a part, and not

the worst part of this course; but within the last few years, the lynx-eyed and sapient guardians of the *education* of the youth of Ireland, discovered some principles in it, inimical to the government they, in their abstracted hours, had chimerically fancied, either existed, or ought to exist in this empire, and they accordingly extinguished it. What excellent commissioners they would make of the *Index Expurgatories*! As to a course of political economy, or *Belles Lettres*, or any thing connected with the fine arts, it has never been even dreamt of in Dublin College.

‘The library of Trinity College is also another of the departments which much wants alteration. Under present regulations, no student can enter the library, until he has left the college, that is, until he has taken his degree, which is the period of departure to nine-tenths of them, and even then, it is open only at most for five hours in the day; and there is scarcely a fortnight in which some old monkish holiday does not occur, to close it. Hence, a person can scarcely get amongst the vast heap of books to the ones he want to consult, when he is forced to retire; and although the exertions of Dr. Ebrington have lately done much for it, yet much, very much—in fact, every thing has yet to be altered.

‘A very great defect in the course of study they have, compared with the Scotch system, is that in Trinity College; they have, I may say, no exercises on the different parts of their studies: hence, the lamentable defects in the composition and style of almost every Irish writer, whose genius has enabled him even at last to overcome this, it may be called, radical defect in his education. Burserships, and many other inducements to compose long studied and original pieces, are held up to the ambitious view of the humblest Scotch student, whilst in Dublin, one or two subjects are yearly given out for a chancellor’s prize poem, either in Latin, or English; and this which never did, nor ever could excite emulation, is the only inducement held out to the student.

‘An admirable part of the Scotch system, which is not followed in the Dublin College, is the freedom of discussion, which it encourages amongst the young men. The same students assemble at least twice every day, with the same professor; they become intimately acquainted; they canvass the subjects of the lectures, and the mode of delivery they are daily examined, and their progress is accurately known to each other, as well as to the professor, and a daily habit of order, regularity, and attention to business, is thus simultaneously engendered, and cannot fail of afterwards producing good effects. A desire of improvement is thus widely diffused among the students in the universities of Scotland, which I fear does not exist in so great a degree among the students of Trinity College, Dublin.’ C.

MATERIALS FOR IRISH NOVELS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all your labours, Mr. Editor, the English people know nothing about us; to be convinced of this, you need not lose three hours listening to debates in St. Stephen's Chapel, nor as many minutes in conning over the leading article in any morning paper; but send at once, whilst your tea is drawing, to the nearest circulating library for 'the last new play,' or the latest and most popular novel; in either of these you cannot fail to discover proofs of the fact: for the 'British prose writers' know just as much about us as they do of the Burmese. It grates upon my soul to read the description of Irish character which they obtrude into almost every one of their fictions; and, as all this is calculated to injure our fair fame, I shall, for the guidance of future novelists, give a catalogue of Irish comic and tragic characters, as they appear upon the great stage of life. The list cannot fail to be also useful to native writers, who fall into nearly as many absurdities as their contemporaries of Britain; and, as I intend, at a future time, to furnish appropriate dialogue, my labours, I flatter myself, will relieve us from the further misrepresentations of novel writers.

As accuracy in geography, though by no means essential, looks well in a novel, I must inform the ladies and 'gentlemen who write with ease,' that Ireland is divided into four provinces, and that each of these is subdivided into minute portions, a knowledge of which is useless to all but police-men and trading justices; this fact has been too often overlooked. Novel writers have hitherto foolishly imagined that a Connaught-man had necessarily the peculiarities and characteristics of an Ulster-man; that his brogue had a similar smack, and his humour the same thoughtless raciness. Nothing, however, can be farther from the fact; they have hardly any thing in common, and nothing can be more unlike than the general turn of their thoughts, except the provincial cut of their coats.

An Ulster-man is the Scot of Ireland; he is shrewd, penurious, vain, egotistical, and cunning: he is proud of being an Irishman, and thinks, perhaps not unjustly, that Ireland ought to be proud of him. He is industrious—all Irishmen are industrious—but an Ulster-man is also economical; his opportunities of 'doing well' are not greater than those of his neighbours; but he has a method of turning them to a better account, at least he has succeeded in making the world think so—and that is something.

The Ulster brogue is peculiar, and approaches nearer to the Scotch than to the Irish—I mean what is understood by the word Irish. From this, however, you are not to suppose, as most political writers have done,

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that Ulster-men are a Scotch colony, transported hither by James I. Nothing can be more absurd than this opinion: the *planting* of this province was carried only practically into effect; and the coincidence in habits and language which prevails between these people and their Scottish neighbours, is abundantly accounted for, from the fact, that they have been, from the beginning, one and the same race. Ulster was the strong-hold, in ancient times, of the Picts and Caledonians; and the original inhabitants of Scotia were nothing more than an Ulster colony. Keep this in mind: amplified and dashed with reflection and sentiment, it could not fail to look well in a novel, though, in all probability, the reviewers would receive it in better part than the readers.

Novelists, however, should take care never to generalize. A vast proportion of the Ulster people are genuine Irish; they inhabit the Highlands, and speak with that guttural accent, which, on being transferred from the Gaelic to the English, produces that delicious intonation which is understood by the term *brogue*. These people differ from their Lowland neighbours; their customs are quite primeval; and in their manners are retained proofs of timidity and oppression. They are hardy, frugal, and hospitable; but, like mountaineers every where, they are miserably poor. When from home, they pass for natives of Connaught, and are in general professors of the 'old religion.'

Connaught is the smallest of the four provinces; and its inhabitants are a marked race. Their manners, persons, and habits, are peculiar; and between them and the Scottish Highlanders are many points of resemblance. Among them *only* is to be found the remnant of the Irish Celtic family: men of small stature, quick feeling, and great patience; inoffensive and fearful. The great body of the population exhibit the sad consequences of oppression. Meek and enduring, they complain much less than the other inhabitants of Ireland of national or individual wrongs; and cruel necessity has long since made them familiar with the weak man's art—that of seeming pleased, when they are offended; of flattering those they detest. This, however, detracts but little from their moral worth; though it has imparted an air of sycophancy to their manner of addressing their superior; and the Connaught *duan wassails* are precisely such aristocrats as might be expected to control a people so circumstanced; they have a few of the good, and nearly all the bad qualities of feudal landlords. They boast of their protection—their humanity—and are at the same time the sole cause of the people's misery. Connaught presents the singular but

very natural spectacle of a farming gentry and a depressed peasantry. In no other part of Ireland will you encounter so much family pride; and no man is so likely to blow out your brains, at the fashionable distance of twelve paces, as a Connaught-man. Sir Lucius O'Trigger must have been a native of Mayo. When a novelist is under the necessity of introducing an Irish duellist, I beg he may be brought from either Galway or Westport.

Necessity, the mother of invention, according to an old proverb, has formed many a Connaught-man into a public character; men born to see and suffer much. As yet the novelist has not availed himself of so fruitful a field; and happy will be the storyteller who shall first exhibit a sketch of one of these originals.

Munster is the next grand division of Ireland; and here the novelist may revel uncontrolled. There is a boldness, an originality, about the people which gives much of the air of romance to all their public acts. They know but little of the servility of Connaught, and not much of the selfish cunning of Ulster. They are fearless, and deserve to be free; from time immemorial they have battled with oppression in all her Irish forms; and this protracted servile war, in communicating a kind of bandit fierceness to the peasantry, considerably adds to their other qualifications of figuring in novels. 'Sweet as a Munster-man,' is proverbial in Dublin; but this arises less from any deceptive attribute than from his Italian method of speaking the English tongue. There is a silvery sweetness in his brogue that is quite charming; and it is his pronunciation which renders a Munster-man so irresistible when he makes love—so persuasive when he solicits a favour. Those who wish to know how far the English language can be made to rival that of Tuscany, should go to Cork.

The character of the country is in accordance with that of the inhabitants: there is a wild ruggedness in the hills, a fearless bearing in the mountains, a bewitching seductiveness in the valleys, and, throughout the whole, an air of romance, which ought long since to have made this interesting region the scene of more horrors and more love than ever were perpetrated by a distempered fancy in the unknown regions of Spain and Germany.

Lastly, we come to thee, fair Leinster; and here, I confess, there are too many sober realities to render this province interesting to the novelists. The people approximate too closely to their sedate neighbours beyond the channel; they are mere matter-of-fact personages; but still this is the place to catch the various travelling originals, which periodically quit their native fields in Connaught, or Ulster, or Munster. The metropolis, too, though not an untried scene, furnishes inexhaustible hints and characters which a studious novelist cannot fail to turn to account.

'Ned Evans' is poor stuff; Miss Edgeworth says but little about it, and Lady Morgan has represented things in Dublin very different from what they really are. I pray you avoid altogether the beaten track; and, fear not, I shall, before I conclude, enable you to make choice of some dozen 'original characters,' quite new to the world of literature and romance.

From all these, some general conclusions are to be drawn: the people of the north are industrious; the people of the south discontented; the people of Connaught are subservient; and those of Leinster independent. Orange-men abound in Ulster; Rockites in Munster; the gentry of Connaught are proud and poor; those of Leinster poor and insignificant. In the south they are great fox-hunters, while their brethren of the north are keen and selfish politicians. The Irish landlords are all fond of *jobs* and high rents; three-fourths of them are either castle-hacks (of whom more anon) or trading-justices; and, in general, they are as poor and comical as extravagance and irrational pursuits can make them.

Abductions take place chiefly in Munster, Orange processions in Ulster; in the one, farm-houses are burnt, and cattle *houghed*; in the other, chapels are destroyed, and papists murdered. In Connaught you have the peace which results from tyranny on one hand and hopelessness on the other; in Leinster, you have the tranquillity which is the consequence of social order. Tinkers and fortune-tellers, a kind of Irish gypsies, come from the north; feather-pluckers and itinerant lemon-merchants, from Connaught; while the pig-driver invariably belongs to Munster. You will find them all in Leinster; and, by attending to the foregoing rules, you cannot be mistaken. The Connaught-man has in general, for there are numerous exceptions, a short thin visage, inclining to sallow; small black eyes, dark hair, and is clothed from head to foot in the sky-blue frieze of his native mountains. This is the genuine Milesian. Lady Morgan talks about the blue eyes and ruddy visage of the Celts—she knows nothing about them. The Munster-man has peculiarities which distinctly point to the hills of Kerry or Cork; he is tall, well formed, and loosely dressed. There is a careless look of gaiety about him; and, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, you have only to converse with him for half an hour, to be convinced that the excesses of which he is accused proceed from that spirit of fire which is within him, and that instinctive regard which he has always shown for an impartial administration of justice. If you want a subordinate agent, who could do the oddest and the most wicked things, in a sincere spirit of good humour, make him, by all means, a native of Tipperary.

About the Leinster peasantry there is a spirit of greater order; and perhaps they are

capable of exhibiting more resolution and greater firmness; they have in them much of the Saxon Goth, and, when aroused, are not to be quieted by mere 'Insurrection Acts.' In 1798 they showed what they could do; 'Had I but ten thousand such fellows,' said General Lake, at Wexford, when reviewing a

detachment of 'pikemen,' 'I would care very little for the French directory.'

These remarks, Mr. Editor, are merely preliminary; if you differ in opinion from me, pray suspend your judgment till next month, when I shall illustrate my theory by sketches of Irish character.

Z. A.

SCENE ON A BATTLE FIELD.

BY D. S. L.

By the moon that shone on the blood-red plain,
Where her light was a pall to the warrior slain,
When the flash of spears and their lightning glare
Were sleeping in rest 'neath the violet air,
A pale, sad figure stepped darkly o'er
The thousand hearts that were urned in gore!
Over plume and helm and banner gay,
With a sigh and a tear she took her way,
And few were the gifts of life for her,
As she sought her child in his sepulchre;
For the shout of war and the battle's breath
Had been to him as the chime of death.
In his bed of slaughter, she found that chief,
And she sat her down in her gloom of grief;
And the deep blue heavens that hung above,
Encurtained the child of her early love,
And his eagle plume waved coldly now
O'er the fiery gleam of his martial brow.
Oh! he had been mid the fair and bright,
And basked him off in the holy light
Of love and beauty, and all that can
Woo to the world the soul of man;
And woman's heart and woman's eye
Had been to him as an evening sky.
But of all who loved his path on earth,
There was none like her who had now gone forth.
She had watch'd the sleep of the rosy hours,
When childhood lay in a couch of flowers;
With a mother's hope, and a mother's joy,
She had seen the deeds of her soldier boy.
Through the blossoming cares of his sheeny spring,
She had watched the growth of that tiny thing;
And when day shone out on its sunny bloom,
She had seen him move 'neath his wafted plume;
And every deed that wreathed his crest,
Gave bliss and fear to a mother's breast.
But his soul had ebb'd on the scarlet tide,
Winging away in its hour of pride;
And she stood by him, all wan and pale,
With her wild hair strewn on the rising gale,
And her anguished tear was the only dew
That fresh'd the sleep of the kindred few.
Oh! a mother's love!—'tis the only one,
That lingers round when our hopes are gone;
And though Beauty's lip, and though Beauty's cheek,
A bright, soft tale to the heart may speak,
Oh! a mother's love!—'tis the only one
That follows the same to the grave or throne!
Down, down by her child that mother sank—
A fairy form 'mid the steel-clad rank;
And she looked abroad on the purple cloud,
Which folded round, like a loathsome shroud,
And breathing his soul on the pinions of prayer,
She lay, with her son, in his glory, there!

EXPEDITION TO THE NORTHERN COAST OF AFRICA.*

GOVERNMENT have shown since the peace a laudable desire to promote the interests of science; they have employed skilful and enterprising men in the work of research, and have dispatched expeditions to the sultry plains of Fezzan, and to the borders of the Frozen Ocean. In this useful work of discovery they stood alone among the European governments; and we are sorry that any petty economy should have stopped them in so beneficial a career. The expedition under Captain Beechey was suddenly recalled before the completion of the original design; and the spirit which dictated the summons has been extended to the volume before us. The number of plates intended as illustrations to the work have been sadly curtailed; and those which are given, with one or two exceptions, are of the cheapest description. This is not the kind of economy which an intelligent people would call for; and most assuredly will not tend to make any ministry popular with the British public.

In consequence of observations made by Captain Smith in 1817, during his visit to the northern coast of Africa, it was suggested that a party might be advantageously employed in exploring the Greater Syrtis and Cyrenaica, as well as the country to the eastward of Derna, as far as Alexandria and the Oasis of Ammon. Lieutenant Beechey was accordingly appointed by the Admiralty, and his brother was employed by Earl Bathurst to examine and report on the antiquities of the country. Mr. Campbell, of the Navy, accompanied the expedition, as surgeon. At Malta they were joined by Lieutenant Coffin, a young naval officer of intelligence and enterprise.

On the 4th of November, the expedition left Tripoly, escorted by a number of mounted Arabs, and having crossed the fertile plains of Tagiura, they entered upon the great desert. The appalling accounts of the sand storms, it appears, has been greatly exaggerated; a greater quantity, they suppose, could not be heaped upon sleepers than they could readily shake off on waking.

'We shudder at the dreadful accounts which have been recorded of whole caravans, and whole armies, destroyed by these formidable waves of the desert; and when our pity is strongly excited by such relations, we are seldom inclined to analyze them very deeply. But a little reflection would probably convince us that many of these are greatly exaggerated: some, because the writers believed what they related; and some, because they wished their readers to believe what they might not be quite convinced of themselves. In fact, we think it probable that they who have perished in deserts, from the time of the Psylli and Cam-

byses to the present, have died, as is usual, before they were buried, either from violence, thirst, or exhaustion.'

The traveller has to contend with abundance of evils without encountering sand storms; the desert, however, is not incapable of communicating agreeable sensations.

'But if the desert have terrors peculiar to itself, it has also its peculiar pleasures. There is something imposing, we may say sublime, in the idea of unbounded space which it occasionally presents; and every trifling object which appears above its untenanted surface, assumes an interest which we should not on other occasions attribute to objects of much greater importance. The little romance which its stillness and solitude encourage, is at the same time grateful to the feelings; and one may here dream delightfully of undisturbed tranquillity and independence, and of freedom from all the cares, the follies, and the vices of the world. Whenever the wind is cool, without being too strong, the purity of the air is at once refreshing and exhilarating; and, if his stock of water be not very low, the traveller feels disposed to be well pleased with every thing.'

Before entering upon the Syrtis they stopped to change camels at Mesurata.

'We had scarcely been a day at Mesurata before the report of our having a tibeeb (or doctor) in our party soon brought us a multitude of visitors; and the demand for medicine became so extensive, that the contents of twenty medicine chests, such as that which we had with us, would not have satisfied one half of the applicants. By far the greater number of those who presented themselves had nothing whatever the matter with them; but there were still many cases of real distress which required and obtained assistance. The most prevalent diseases were those of the eye, and there were many very alarming cases of dysentery; but Mr. Campbell's attention and medical skill soon began to produce very favourable symptoms, and as much of the medicine as could possibly be spared was administered to, and distributed amongst those who required it. As is usual, however, in barbarous countries, there were many simple beings whom it was impossible to convince that the powers of medicine are limited, and they were so fully persuaded of Mr. Campbell's omnipotence, that he soon found it useless to deny it. To meet this emergency he found it better to make up some little harmless ingredients for their use, and to tell them that the rest was in the hands of the prophet, who had alone (under Allah) the power to cure them completely. With this declaration, and the medicine together,

* By Captain F. W. Beechey, R. N. F. R. S. and H. W. Beechey, Esq., F. S. A. 4to London, 1823. Murray.

without which they would by no means have been satisfied, the petitioners used to retire well pleased with their physician, and convinced that the draught or the powders which they had received would infallibly remove their infirmity, however incurable it might be.'

The Syrtis is thus described.

'On quitting the groves and gardens of Mesurata for the wilds of the greater Syrtis, the first object which presents itself, in the level tract of country already mentioned, is the extensive marsh described by Strabo as occurring after the Cephalas Promontorium. It has not now the character of an uninterrupted sheet of water, as it appears to have had when seen by this geographer, but spreads itself in pools over a wide tract of country, and communicates occasionally with the sea. Many of these pools, are, however, some miles in extent, and were they deep enough would deserve the appellation of lakes. When we passed along the marsh the rainy season had not commenced although a good deal of rain had fallen, and it is probable that, at the close of it, the greater number of the pools are collected into much larger masses. While at Tripoly, Shekh Mahommed was anxious for our departure chiefly on account of this morass, which he represented as being very dangerous, if not wholly impassable, after the long continuance of heavy rains. The dimensions given by Strabo are three hundred stadia for the length, and seventy for the breadth of the marsh, or lake, which he describes; and these measurements correspond quite sufficiently with the appearance of that which actually exists; its length, from Mesurata to Sooleb, being little less than forty miles, and its breadth, from the sea inland, from nine and ten to fifteen. It does not indeed finish wholly at Sooleb, but is contracted in passing that place, to the narrow limits of two and three miles in width, and then continues as far as Giraff.'

During the journey from Tripoly to Bengazi they had an opportunity of observing the manners of the Arabs. The following trait of character shows that uncivilized man is the creature of circumstances.

'The cattle of this place were closely attended by the men, to prevent their ranging on the heights, and, consequently, becoming visible to those who might be passing; a manœuvre which they probably had adopted from supposing us to be some of the bashaw's people, whose observation they hoped by such means to elude, and thus escape the payment of the tribute which in the event of their discovery would have been exacted from them by the soldiers of his highness. We were however received by these people very kindly, and they brought us out milk and dried dates, unasked for; in return for these attentions, we gave the men some gunpowder, with which they were highly delighted, and presented the women with some strings of beads of different

colours, which were accepted with many smiles of acknowledgment. So well practised are the Arabs in eluding observation, from the nature of the wandering life which they lead, and the little security which there is for property in the country they inhabit, that even those who are well acquainted with their usual haunts are often unable to find them; and strangers might often pass within a hundred yards of their tents, without suspecting there was a soul in the neighbourhood. As the whole property of a wandering Arab consists in his flocks and cattle, and the few little articles contained in his tent, he has very little trouble in moving, and half an hour after he has determined to leave the place of his residence, no traces will remain of his late habitation, but the ashes scattered about the hole in the earth which served his whole family for a fire-place. His sheep and cattle are collected without difficulty at the sound of his voice, or that of some part of his family, while his tent, in the mean time, with all its contents, the chief of which are his wives and his children, are packed up in a few minutes on the backs of his camels, and ready to move on with the rest. If he is not pressed for time, the women often walk with the older children, and assist in driving the cattle; and should he have no camels, which is very often the case, both women and children are loaded to the utmost of their strength with such articles as cannot be transported in other ways. But neither women nor children on these fatiguing occasions exhibit any signs of discontent or uneasiness; the length of their journey and the weight of their burdens are borne with the greatest cheerfulness; and the whole is considered as a matter of course, which their habits of life have accustomed them to expect, and to support without any other effects than the temporary fatigue of the exertion. If the journey should be long, the tent is seldom unpacked till they have arrived at the place of their destination, and the whole party sleep very soundly on the ground, in the midst of their sheep and cattle, till the first appearance of day-light summons them to rise and take up their burdens, which have probably in the mean time been usefully employed in affording them the luxury of a pillow.'

In a ravine at Mahiriga they were joined by pilgrims on their journey to Mecca.

'They took up their abode at night near our tents; and after repeating with great solemnity the proper number of prayers, made themselves very comfortable round a large fire, which the chilness of the nights began to render very necessary; and which was the more severely felt from being contrasted with the sultry heat of the day, occasioned by a parching southerly wind. After consuming with excellent appetites whatever they could procure from our tents, they would lay themselves down in a circle round the fire, with their feet as close to it as they could bear, and

sleep very soundly without any other covering than their bernusse, till the next hour appointed for the performance of their customary devotions. They were not the least discouraged by the length of the journey before them, or the difficulties and privations which they would necessarily have to encounter; but we uniformly found them contented and cheerful, always offering their assistance, unasked for, to our people, whenever it seemed to be necessary. Some of them continued with us as far as Bengazi, and appeared to be very grateful for the few piastres which we gave them there, to assist in supporting them on the road to the Holy City.'

As they drew near to Bengazi the rainy season commenced, and the country became almost impassable. The camels could not keep their footing on the slippery ground, and the horses were nearly exhausted.

'As it was, we had been obliged to lead two of the horses for several days before our arrival at Bengazi, and it would indeed be thought extraordinary, by those accustomed only to the horses of Europe, that any of them arrived there at all after the fatigues and privations which they had endured. They had all of them been rode through the whole of the day, over a country without any roads, for more than two months successively, exposed to the heat of the sun during the day, and without any shelter from the cold and damp of the night; while at the same time, instead of having any extra allowance to enable them to support this exertion, they were often left, unavoidably, for more than four-and-twenty hours, without anything whatever to eat or drink, and on one occasion were as much as four days without a drop of water of any kind. It may therefore be readily imagined that they were not in very excellent condition before half the journey had been accomplished, and indeed it was distressing to see the wasted carcasses which most of them presented on arriving in the neighbourhood of Bengazi; but we may venture to say that few, if any, European horses, under similar circumstances, would have survived the journey which they performed at all; much less have displayed the activity and spirit which never left them, under so much fatigue and privation. We were often amused, in spite of his forlorn condition, with the spirit exerted on all occasions by an old white horse, which was rode by one of our servants; he had belonged for many years to a soldier of the bashaw, and his face was well known to all the Arabs of Bengazi, as a constant appendage to the army which came there occasionally to collect the tribute. This fine-spirited animal, before the journey was half over, had scarcely a leg to stand upon, yet he never for a moment forgot his military habits, and would arch his neck, and curvet, and throw himself back on his haunches at the slightest application of the spur. No fatigue

or exhaustion could ever make him forget that he had once been a charger of some consideration: even in walking he would lift up his legs, and step out, with all the parade and importance of a horse trained at Astley's or the Circus; throwing his head about, at the same time, from one side to the other, as if he took a delight in displaying his long mane, and shewing himself off to advantage.'

This part of the coast is fertile, and the people far from miserable.

'With regard to the present inhabitants of the district of Barca (we mean the part of it comprehended in the Syrtis and Cyrenaica), we should certainly call them a healthy and good-looking race; and not at all the ugly, meagre, grim-visaged people, which they have been described to be in some of our best received accounts of them. We allude in particular to the Bedouin (or wandering) tribes, which are those more immediately in question; and who are generally a finer people, both in character and appearance, than what are termed the more civilized inhabitants of Arab cities. Whatever may be the descent of the present inhabitants of this part of Africa, they appear to lead exactly the same kind of life, and to have as nearly as possible the same resources, as the early possessors of the regions which they occupy.'

On the 12th of January, the whole party arrived at Bengazi, where the heavy rains detained them until the month of March. The streets during this season were literally converted into rivers, and the cries of women and children were perpetually announcing the falling of houses.

'The houses of Bengazi are built after the usual manner of Arab buildings, that is to say, with rough and unequally-shaped stones, put together with mud instead of mortar; they generally consist of a ground floor only, built round a square court-yard, which is exposed to the weather, and into which the doors of the chambers open, which seldom communicate with each other: the court is not paved, and in houses of more than ordinary consequence, there is sometimes a well in the centre. The roofs are flat, and are formed of rafters (chiefly of young pine-trees from the neighbouring forests) over which are laid mats, and on these there is generally a quantity of sea-weed, or other vegetable rubbish; over the whole is spread a thick stratum of mud, which is beat down as hard as Arab laziness will admit of at the time when the terrace is made. They who can afford it (and there are very few so fortunate) spread a preparation of lime over the mud; which, as the cement is usually well made, forms a surface impervious to the weather, while the coating remains in good condition.'

The inhabitants, however, are extremely modest.

'Among the numerous instances which we

observed during our stay at Bengazi, illustrative of Arab character and prejudices, we may notice one which occurred in the *skeefa* (or entrance hall) of our house, where a *select party* of the inhabitants of the town usually assembled themselves when the weather permitted. On this occasion, the women of England formed the principal subject of conversation, and the reports of their beauty, which had reached some of our visitors, appeared to have made a great impression in their favour. One of our party then produced a miniature from his pocket, which chanced to be the resemblance of a very pretty girl; and he roundly asserted, as he handed it to the company, that every woman in England was as handsome. We have already observed, that the subject was a very pretty girl; and they who are unacquainted with the force of custom and prejudice, will hardly conceive that an object so pleasing could be the cause of a moment's alarm. But truth obliges us to add, that the first Arab of our party, who was favoured with a sight of the lady in question, started back in dismay and confusion; and all his worthy countrymen who cast their eyes upon the picture, withdrew them, on the instant, in the greatest alarm, exhibiting the strongest symptoms of astonishment and shame. The fact was, that the young lady who had caused so much confusion, was unluckily painted in a low evening dress; and her face was only shaded by the luxuriant auburn curls, which fell in ringlets over her forehead and temples. There was nothing, it will be thought, so extremely alarming in this partial exhibition of female beauty; and the favoured inhabitants of less decorous, and more civilized countries, would scarcely dream of being shocked at a similar spectacle. But to men who inhabit those regions of delicacy, where even *one* eye of a female must never be seen stealing out from the sanctuary of her veil, the sudden apparition of a sparkling pair of those luminaries is not a vision of ordinary occurrence. At the same time, the alarm of the worthy Shekhs assembled, which the bright eyes and *naked* face (as they termed it) of our fair young countrywoman had so sudden excited, was in no way diminished by the heinous exposure of a snowy neck and a well-turned pair of shoulders; and had they been placed in the situation of Yusuf, when the lovely Zuleika presented herself in all her charms as a suitor for the young Hebrew's love, or in the more embarrassing dilemma of the Phrygian shepherd-prince, when three immortal beauties stood revealed before his sight, they could scarcely have felt or expressed more confusion. Every Arab, who saw the picture, actually blushed and hid his face with his hands; exclaiming—*w'Allah harám*—(by Heaven 'tis a sin) to look upon such an exposure of female charms!

'It was some time before our worthy Arab friends recovered from the serious shock which

their modesty had sustained; but as modesty (for what reason we will not pretend to determine) is by no means an unconquerable feeling, we prevailed upon the blushing Shekhs, when the first impression had subsided, to take a second look at the picture; declaring, that there was nothing in so innocent a display at which the most correct of true believers need be shocked. We will not venture to say that they were quite of our opinion; but it is certain that their curiosity (at least we suppose it to have been that) very soon got the better of their scruples; and we even think, that some of them might actually have been persuaded to trust themselves in those sinful regions where a pretty face and figure may be looked at and admired without any very serious breach of decorum. As for Shekh Mahomed, he had so far recovered himself as to put the object of his former confusion into his pocket, though merely to show it (as he said) to his wives; and was hardy enough to keep it three or four days, before he returned it to its owner.'

Bengazi, Mr. Beechey supposes, occupies the site of Bernice and Hesperis, in the neighbourhood of which ran the fabled Lethe, and stood the Gardens of the Hesperides. The Arabs, it would appear, have drank so copiously of the oblivious water, that they do not recollect having tasted of it.

After leaving Bengazi, they visited successively the ruins of Teuchira and Ptolemeta; the present state of the latter may be collected from the following extract.

'The greater part of the town, on our first visit to it, was thickly overgrown with wild marigolds and camomile, to a height of four and five feet, and patches of corn were here and there observable growing equally within the city walls. The solitude of the place was at the same time unbroken by animals of any description; if we except a small number of jackals and hyænas, which strayed down after sunset in search of water, and a few owls and bats which started out from the ruins as we disturbed them by our near and unexpected approach. Appeals of this kind are always irresistible; and the contrast which presented itself between the silence and desolation which characterized the city of Ptolemeta when we visited it, and the busy scene which a spectator of its former wealth and magnificence would have witnessed under the Ptolemies and the Cæsars, afforded a striking, and, we must say, a melancholy example of the uncertainty of all human greatness.'

On leaving Ptolemeta they proceeded to Merge; the road was indifferent, but the country was delightful.

'The sides of the valley were thickly clothed with pines, olive trees, and different kinds of laurel, interspersed with clusters of the most luxuriant honeysuckle, the fragrance of which, as we passed it, literally perfumed the

air. Among these we distinguished myrtle, arbutus, and laurestinus, with many other handsome flowering shrubs, a variety of wild roses, both white and red, and quantities of rosemary and juniper. Scenes of this kind even in Europe would be highly appreciated; but to travellers in Africa, it may readily be imagined they could not fail of being more than usually grateful; and every fresh beauty which opened itself to our view was hailed with enthusiastic delight. The very difficulty of the road added interest to the scene; and the mixture of what (with us) would have been garden shrubs, blooming, more luxuriantly than we ever see them in northern climates, amidst the wild crags of a neglected ravine, gave a finish and an elegance to its rugged forms which produced the most agreeable association of ideas. But if we begin to indulge ourselves in recollections of this nature, we shall soon lose the thread of our narrative; and restraint is the more necessary on the present occasion, as the scenes which presented themselves one after the other, in our route from Ptolemeta to Merge, were nothing but a continued succession of beauties from the beginning to the end of our journey.

'In about an hour from the time when we began to ascend, we reached the top of the first hill, and were saluted by a wild-looking, dark-featured Arab, who presented us some honey in the comb which is procured in quantities from the neighbouring mountains. This was the first person we had met with in our passage up the ravine, and there was a wildness in his accent as well as in his appearance which suited admirably with the character of the scene. A little farther on we reached some Arab tents, scattered here and there among the bushes and trees, and such of the Bedouins whose tents we passed nearest to came out, and questioned us on the objects of our journey. We observed in these people the same peculiarities of look and accent which had struck us in our friend of the honeycomb, and they had a bluntness and independence of manner and appearance which afforded us, together with their simplicity, a good deal of pleasure and amusement. They welcomed us in the true patriarchal style, with an offer of shelter and refreshment, and we should have liked nothing better than spending a week or two among them, and rambling about the beautiful country which they occupied.'

The beauty of the route continued during their journey to the remains of Barca, Cyrene, and Apollonia. On their return to Cyrene from the latter place, an adventure befel some of their party which was accidentally separated from the main body.

'It appeared that the road up the mountain which they had been observed to take terminated abruptly at the foot of a precipice, a circumstance which greatly surprised them, for the track which they followed was undoubtedly

trodden, and, as it seemed to them, very recently. No outlet, however, was on any side visible, and as they stood pondering on the object of a road which led only to the base of a high perpendicular cliff and was closely hemmed in by thickets and brushwood, they thought they heard a mill at work, the sound of which seemed to come from above. As they looked up with astonishment towards the side of the mountain, from which the noise apparently came, they clearly heard a soft female voice issue from it, and soon perceived two very pretty young Arab girls looking out of a square hole on the side of the precipice, at the height of about an hundred and fifty feet above their heads—the place being not only inaccessible from below but equally so from above, and indeed on all sides of it, owing to the smoothness and perpendicular surface of the cliff in which it was formed. When their surprise was a little abated our servants requested some water, but were told that there was none in the house; the girls inquiring at the same time where our people were going, and if they belonged to the English at Grenna. They replied in the affirmative, and said they had lost their way. One of the females then asked how many the party consisted of, and were answered, fifteen, though there were only two; the remainder, it was added, were close at hand in the wood. This embellishment was intended as a defensive measure to conceal the actual weakness of the company, for the elevated position of their fair auditors had not made the most favourable impression upon our servants; who suspected that persons living so far out of reach, must have stronger reasons for moving so far from their fellow-creatures, than was consistent with honesty and peaceable intentions.'

These aerial residences were common here; the insecurity of life and property led, no doubt, to the adoption of habitations so inconvenient. While here Mr. Beechey inquired in vain for the supposed position of Ras Sem, or the petrified city. Captain Smith went in search of this place in 1817, and his journal, which is inserted in the volume before us, shows on what slender materials an Arab fancy will raise a mighty superstructure. A few rude carvings on ruins in the desert gave rise to the story.

While engaged in exploring the ruins of Cyrene, an order arrived from government recalling the expedition. In obedience to this summons, they hastily retraced their steps, their journey being cheered by Arab melody. Their songs are suggested by very commonplace incidents.

'The songs of the Arabs are however not always without a subject, as the examples which we have of their poetry in England will testify; but we are obliged to confess that the greatest attempts at invention which we ourselves noticed in a journey of seven or eight hundred miles were nothing more than short allusions to what was going forward at the

time, or to something which was in anticipation. For instance, in ascending a hill, the song of our Arab companions would be—"Now we are going up the hill—now we are going up the hill." And in descending—"Now we are going down—now we are going down." Each sentence being repeated all the time the action alluded to was going forward, without the slightest variation of any kind. In approaching a town, the song would consist of something about the time we were likely to arrive there, or what good things were to be had at the place—eating being usually the summum bonum. On our return to Bengazi in June the whole burden of our camel-driver's song for three days was the reward which he expected to have for driving his camels so fast.

The regions which the expedition traversed are associated with classic recollections, and Mr. Beechey has displayed an intimate acquaintance with early authors in his disquisitions on the various places he passed through. This is a recommendation, however, that is not likely to make the work very popular, though it must always be in request by those who study ancient history. This interesting country was once a Grecian colony; and no doubt owed all its greatness and architectural ornaments to the mother country. Why it has now become almost a desert, is one of those questions not easily answered, and how long it may continue so must be equally difficult of solution. Is the climate the cause?

TO ———

BY D. S. L.

Yes! the young spell is broken,
That bound us together,
And the words that were spoken
By valley and heather—
Like morn on the mountain,
Have vanished away,
Or mists on the fountain,
Less passing than they!

That mild eye of beauty,
Like sun in the air,
Which wooed me from duty
To sleep in its glare;
That soft, sunny bosom,
That antelope tread,
Over flowret and blossom
Their magic have shed;

But, oh! they are perish'd,
Like the gold clouds of eve,
And the hopes they have cherish'd
No enjoyment may leave.
Over lake and o'er river,
I wander alone,
As my heart's bliss, for ever,
With those blue eyes has flown.

Then weave me a wreathing
Of all beautiful flowers,
While my freed soul is breathing
Through its amaranth bowers;
For no more shall the ocean
In its starred glass discover
Each gentle emotion
That blush'd on the lover:

And the pale light no longer
From thy lattice-grate gleaming,
Shall enchant me to linger
'Mid those isles of my dreaming.
While the night-crested billow
Shall heave as I weep,
Let song be the pillow,
Where this lone heart shall sleep!

April, 1828.

Q

A PASTORAL PARISH IN SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of the 'Dublin and London Magazine.'

SIR,—Although I entertain opinions on many points diametrically opposite to yours, I am bound in candour to admit that I have learnt much good sound political knowledge from your labours; and respecting Ireland I knew nothing until I accidentally met the eleventh number of your Magazine on the table of a Catholic friend in Glasgow. I had read much on the subject, but had acquired no satisfactory information. The statements of most writers on Irish affairs appeared to me inconsistent: for I saw very plainly that they too often attributed misery to those very things which produced comfort in Scotland. Doubts necessarily arose in my mind, and these doubts your work has tended to confirm. I wish, however, some of your contributors—and they appear to be fully qualified—would give us the statistics of a parish or two, in different districts. It would be found, I suspect, that the condition of the agricultural peasantry of Ireland approximates more closely than is generally imagined to that of the Scottish peasantry. At all events such articles would convey distinct information to people unacquainted with the state of Ireland; and shew the legislature where the errors of the system lie.

Perhaps the description of a pastoral parish in the south of Scotland might prove interesting. I am well acquainted with it: but as there is no occasion for the introduction of names, I shall omit them.

This parish, then, is divided nearly into equal parts, by a small, clear, beautiful stream,—its length may be about ten miles, its breadth varies between three and five. Almost the whole of the soil is sheep-pasture, except a few perfectly level fields, generally of small extent, along the margin of the river, (we call these *haughs*) and some patches of land, which every farmer, even in the most mountainous situation, finds it necessary to set aside for potatoes for his family, turnips for his sheep, and perhaps a little oats for his horse. The general view is made up of hills, none of them very high, all of them green to the very summit, narrow valleys intervening, each with its brawling brook edged all the way with birches, ashes, and here and there a fine old oak or elm. Most

of the houses are upon the banks of the river, and at considerable distances from each other. The church stands nearly in the centre, in the midst of a village—the only one we have—of perhaps twenty or thirty cottages. There is no trade nor manufacture—the population is entirely pastoral in its character.

There are only two proprietors of the soil. Three-fourths of the whole belong to a great nobleman, whose residence is many miles distant—all the rest to a country gentleman of ancient family, who never sleeps three nights following out of his own house, unless when he attends the assizes at the county town, or makes a visit to Edinburgh,—neither of which things occur more than once in three or four years. The clergyman is the next man to the laird. The peer's farmers come close upon his heels: the laird's farmers stand somewhat lower. All under them may be classed as the simple shepherds of those hills. Our society is certainly of no very complicated structure.

The peer comes now and then to see his estates in this quarter, and takes up his abode with the laird. His principal tenants also pay their respects to him from time to time, at the nearest of his own residences; but although he is much and deservedly respected and beloved amongst us, we need scarcely make his lordship one of the subjects of our description on this occasion.

Let us begin with the other proprietor, who, though bearing no title now-a-days in common parlance, is still in legal phrase a baron, and who certainly holds himself as not a whit less noble than any lord in the three kingdoms. His mansion is a plain comfortable house, built about fifty or sixty years ago, a bow-shot or two from the ancient castle, which, firm, though dismantled, is sure to be standing centuries after its successor shall have entirely disappeared. The new house, as it is called, was erected at a time when the picturesque and the romantic were not thought of in Scotland, and derives its only pretensions to grandeur from the beauty of its situation, above all the noble old groves of beeches and elms amidst which it is embowered. There is

no regular lawn, but upon a fine and much cared-for field between the front of the house and the river there is room enough for the evening walks of the family, and for the nutriment of a flock of sheep of a particular breed, destined, as they attain the age of five years, (nothing less will do) to adorn successively their board. Some new plantations, horrible in shape, but beautifully managed, extend upwards behind the house; and a capital *square* garden, with high brick walls, replaces at one end the more picturesque, and I believe still more productive, terrace garden, over which the old house in its era predominated. A large quadrangle of barns, stables, &c. lies snug at no great distance behind a belt of the very blackest fir; but all day long you hear the neighing of the horses, the howling of the confined dogs, and the crowing and twittering of all manner of domestic fowls, mingling with the stir of the leafy branches over your head, and the ceaseless gurgling of the stream below you over its rocky channel.

The next man to the laird is the minister, and the next place to the mansion is 'the manse;' but each *longo intervallo*. The pastoral residence is a small house of two stories, with a door and two windows below, three windows over these, and a chimney of the most barbarous construction at either end. It stands at the extremity of the village, and is approachable only through the garden to the rearward, or the churchyard, which lies immediately in front of it. I am sorry to say, that neither the churchyard nor the garden is kept in very elegant style:—they are both, I take it, more for use than for show: the one is certainly full of cabbage, and the other of graves. The minister himself may occasionally be seen hoeing, and a pig browsing in the former: in the latter, a cow, a calf, and half a score of large and comely fat sheep—by no means of the black-nosed race—are continually at work. Considerable neatness prevails about the precincts of the house itself. In front, to be sure, the gravel is worn rather bare, and interferes less than might be desirable with the naturally luxurious propensities of the weeds. Behind, the washing-tub stands *sub dio* on one side of the kitchen door, and the coals lie equally unblushingly in a heap

upon the other. The glad sound of broomsticks, however, cheers the ear of the approaching traveller, and his nose, as he steps over 'the brook that bubbles by,' is saluted, not indeed by the breath of lily-fed Naiads, but the much more useful odours of steeping lint.

Enter, and you find a small parlour on one side shabbily furnished—a mezzotinto of Principal Robertson over the mantle-piece is the only thing in the shape of mere ornament. This is the family-room; here they breakfast, dine, and sup; here the visitors are received; and here the mistress of the house darns the minister's black worsted stockings. On the other side is the minister's own room. It is styled the library; and since the drawing-room at the mansion-house supports two characters, what wonder that the library should also be the drawing-room of the manse? Here, on ill-arranged and dusty shelves, you have, however, a really decent stock of useful divinity—I perceive a respectable Polyglot at the first glance, a Poli-synopsis, a Dupin's Ecclesiastical History, and sundry bulky and valuable folios besides. Above these, I observe sound English sermon writers in long sets of calf-covered octavos, the Statistical Account of Scotland, a whole shelf of classics in *Usum Delphini*, and a mass of puritanical theology—all which is right and business-like. The study, however, is not a silent one. Behold, the minister is a bird-fancier—he has a whole aviary of bullfinches and canary birds. Long breeding-cages are placed on either side of the book-case; others, well tenanted, swing from the roof in every corner; and tame favourites are perched, eternally chirruping, on chairs, on shelves, even on the writing-desk. Good-natured, contented old man! how easy to quiz your household apparatus; how difficult to equal your virtues, your usefulness, or your happiness!

The style of living here is of the plainest, yet exceedingly comfortable. The garden and glebe furnish plenty of milk, eggs, cheese, poultry, and vegetables of all sorts. The minister's table sees every third day its fresh joint of meat, which comes back cold the second time, and, under the shape of a *hashis*, once again. The minister has his dram of whisky and his tumbler of toddy *per diem*, and he has a small resource of

good port, to be produced upon occasions when some measure of splendour seems to be called for. The servants are not much accustomed to animal food, unless barley broth, which they have three times a-week, comes under that denomination; but cheese and milk, and excellent oat-cakes *à discrétion*, are as much as they desire to have, and certainly as much as they could have hoped for, had they pursued any other profession within their reach, save that of service. Every thing goes on in an uniform methodical style about the manse.

They are all up early, and they all go early to bed. The mistress spins when she has no better to do—the minister works in the garden when his studies or pastoral offices leave him leisure. They have had their period of much difficulty and care: that is now over, and they enjoy a serene evening of life.

This couple were not married very young, yet their union produced no less than twelve children. Of these, ten are still alive, and they have all prospered, or are prospering in the world,—thanks to the generous ambition, devotion, self-denial, and unwearied zeal of their worthy parents. The history of one such family is to me more instructive than that of many an empire. Here is a man, who, during many years of his married life, had barely a home to cover his head, and one hundred pound a year to spend—and who, even now, has no more than one hundred and fifty pound, and what his glebe-land, of four by no means rich acres, may produce for him; and yet here is the man that has always maintained the appearance of perfect respectability in his household, and who has brought up ten children, six boys and five girls, until they were men and women—educated them all—set them all forth in the world—and who now enjoys the satisfaction of knowing, that they are all, without exception, thriving and esteemed in their several situations in life. What management, what kindness, what skill, and what really admirable virtue does not all this vouch for? Three sons are clergymen—how were they all kept at college? how were all their teachers paid? Two are soldiers—by what means did this poor priest scrape together the price of their ensignies? Another is a physician—what enabled him to study his profession, not only in Edinburgh, but in

London? The answer is ready to all these questions—the generous, the noble frugality of two beings, who would have coined their own heart-strings into money, rather than say to a child of theirs, ‘Here is a thing which you say would be for your advantage,—by sore pinching of ourselves, we might perhaps enable you to obtain this, but it would be very sore pinching, and you may do without it more easily than we can make the sacrifice for the chance.’ The daughters are married to farmers and clergymen in the same neighbourhood. Every one had her little portion too. Many, very many such examples may certainly be found within Scotland. Is it easy to find many such out of it? Most gladly shall I hear myself answered in the affirmative.

The village church, where this worthy man officiates, is a humble, a very humble building, close to his house. Thither, every Sunday, the people of the parish repair, almost all on foot, and many, of course, from considerable distances, and on the rudest of roads. They meet in the churchyard, talk together in whispers, until the minister appears among them, and then they follow him into the church, each *man* attended by his favourite shepherd’s dog, and carrying in some shape about his person the *maud*, of which we have already made mention; the old women dressed in dark-coloured gowns of printed cotton, and red woollen cloaks over these:—the young lasses more gaudily attired with abundance of curls and ribbons, and with black feathers (if possible) flaunting from their white chip hats. The minister is to me a dull preacher; even his staunchest admirers, indeed, scarcely venture to hint the reverse. He deals in dogmas which I cannot comprehend, and elucidates them, as he thinks, while to me he only renders them darker than ever. He does not omit practical lessons of morality; but I confess I think the theology, the mere metaphysics even of theology, occupy far too large a share of his attention. But what is the real test? Is there any pastor more respected by his flock? Does any pastor preside over a flock whose respect is more estimable? The active and diligent kindness of the man in all the offices of social life—his unwearied sympathy in the house of sickness and suffering—his warm heart and his open hand, and the uniform

spectacle of his own blameless life,—these are the things which have long ago taught these good folks to think less of the preacher than of the pastor. I am no lover of the Calvinistic creed; but after all, what so unfair as the criticism which attempts to run it down as opposed to the cause of morality. Let me see the practical effects, and say what you will as to the dogma. I do not believe that this is an immoral creed,—for one simple reason,—I behold in it the undoubted creed of a most virtuous people.

I mentioned, some time ago, that the greater part of the soil of this parish is occupied by the tenants of a non-resident noble; and I said that these men formed, generally speaking, a class rather superior to the other farmers. It is right that this should be so, and I wish that the evils of absenteeism were elsewhere caused to disappear in the same manner. These men have large farms—in a pastoral district it is natural that farms should be of considerable extent, and they pay less rent in proportion than the tenants of smaller proprietors. Something of this may, no doubt, be the consequence of that carelessness and extravagance which necessarily mingles in the management of all very large concerns; but much of it may also, I think, be traced in fairness to a rational, and wise, and prudent, as well as humane and generous feeling on the part of the noble absentee, that since he is an absentee, his tenants should have the means to satisfy a variety of claims on their benevolence, which would be made, not upon theirs, but upon his, were he resident. Such, at all events, is the fact of the case; and such unquestionably is the use which these tenants do make of the larger revenues which are left in their hands, whether by the sound policy or the mere lavish generosity of their superior. And such, in general, is the case in similar situations throughout Scotland.

It certainly appears to me, that the farmers of this class lead a very enviable sort of existence. They are to all intents and purposes the gentlemen of the district, as well as its farmers. They are looked up to by their dependents much more than they could be, were they cast into the shade by the neighbourhood of

many *proprietors* of fortune. The duties of gentlemen devolve upon them, in a word, and with the duties, they have assumed much of the manners, and very much of the feelings, of a higher class of society than to that which they in strictness belong. Their houses are comfortable—much more extensive and much better furnished than the manse we have visited; great plenty prevails all over their establishments; but, nevertheless, a certain natural sense of propriety represses every thing like vanity or ostentatious show in their modes of life. They are generally very active men, early astir, and all day long on horseback. They are the Arabs of the north—they seem to think it a degradation to go any where on foot where a horse can be made to bear them. They are keen sportsmen to a man, hunters and fishers indefatigable; and, with few exceptions, they are better educated (taking the word in any rational sense) than the country gentlemen, properly so called, of almost any other district even of Scotland.

They are compelled to be so, if they would maintain their influence among the peasantry, with whom they are thrown into such a close and continual contact in the course of their business. These men, these shepherds, dwell in small and pitiful-looking cottages, are clad in homespun russet, and never aspire beyond the poorest and hardiest diet. They are also accustomed to great personal exertions, and to privations and dangers of all sorts, during the tempestuous season of their year. But the shepherd is, of necessity, a man of leisure; and these men do not consume in total idleness the hours of seeming indolence, during which they are seen lying stretched upon the hill-side, with their flocks around them. There is not, of course, a child in all this parish, or in any neighbouring one, that cannot read and write by the time he is ten years old; but the matter is carried much farther here than in any other rural district I am acquainted with. The whole population here may really be said to be a part and parcel of the reading public. Scarcely a full-grown man in the parish that does not subscribe something annually to a library kept in the school-house, and certainly no farmer who does not contribute largely and liberally to its support. A stranger will, I

doubt not, smile rather incredulously when I tell him, that if I wanted to know what articles appeared in the last number of the *Edinburgh or Quarterly Review*, I should much sooner think of asking a peasant by the road-side here, than a well-mounted gentleman in almost any county I know. These shepherds are absolutely up to the intellectual march of the time; they know the last *Waverley* novel as well as you or I do; they are *au fait* as to the question of Catholic Emancipation—yes, even as to the Catholic Association. They are great lovers of poetry and of mechanics: these are their especial passions. It would make you laugh to hear one of them begin upon Campbell's *Theodoric*, or Sir Humphry Davy's last invention: and if you listened you would not laugh when he had said his say.

The farmers of these vales, and the shepherds of them, are equally great exporters of the human species. Few hands suffice in a land of flocks and herds; and the younger branches of every family are almost uniformly dispersed far from the earth around which their infancy was nursed. The farmer sends forth his sons—these are the traders that supply the waste of city life—these are the surgeons that pervade every region of the empire—the cautious, knowing, thriving, adventurers, in short, that are proud to remember their Scotch blood, and cannot, if they would, forget their Scotch dialect, in whatever remote colony you may happen to stumble upon them. From such men are such regiments as the Scots Greys—a regiment which it is scarcely too much to call a regiment of gentlemen—recruited. The progeny of the shepherd moves, at first at least, in some humbler sphere; but go where they will, these are the men that, if you give them a red coat, are sure, ere long, to have three *cheverons* on the sleeve of it—these are the men who, in our colonies, begin as labourers and end as overseers—these are the gardeners and head servants of two-thirds of the great establishments in England. Frugality, industry, acuteness, and, generally speaking, a certain intellectual turn and character attend them every where; and their parents have the reward of the lessons they taught them.

I have no time, nor room in this

place, for entering into a full description or discussion of the system of education, moral, religious, and literary, which prevails, and has long prevailed, over these districts. Perhaps not the worst means of judging of all such things, is to look calmly and seriously at their visible and tangible results. Here are no subdivided farms—here are *notithes*; the tithes have been long since redeemed, and the parson is paid by a stipend, with which the *occupiers* of the soil never dream that they have any concern. The people being uniformly educated, the younger branches of all families have ambition instilled into them, from their earliest days, of something far different from lingering out life as burdens upon a soil, the whole real demands of which can be supplied by a very few hands: they therefore seek their fortunes, and find them in cities and abroad: and, relieved from the presence of those who would be poor, only because they must be idle, if they remained, the active inhabitants who do remain, are quite able to provide for all the wants of their own aged and feeble kindred and dependants, without any recourse being had to taxes for the maintenance of paupers. Private feelings are always sure to be adequate to sustain any burden of this kind that is not imposed by public wrong.

On the whole, I consider the parish I have been attempting to describe as a very fair specimen of some very large districts of Scotland—districts from which the empire does not indeed derive her largest revenues of money, but on the fixed population of which she may always place reliance as a body of contented, attached, and zealous friends, and from the surplus population of which she derives continual supplies of high spirited and well educated men, willing and able to lend effectual resistance in the complex machinery of the greatest colonial and commercial power the world has ever seen.—A few local specialities, on which, for the sake of keeping a picture of the exact truth before me, I have perhaps dwelt rather at too much length, cannot indeed be considered as matters of any great importance in themselves: and I hope I shall be pardoned for having said more of them than I would have done, had I laid claim to the character of a philosopher, instead of aspiring

merely to furnish others more worthy time by persons of my own humbler
 of such pretensions with some plain facts. class,—though I will not say in my own
 Let *them* make what use they please of coin, for I hope theirs will prove much
 me: I wish to be repaid in the mean better than mine. A Scot.

THE VOYAGE.

BY I. SNOW, ESQ.

A barque her gay flight o'er the waters is winging,
 A stiff pleasant breeze in her cordage is singing,
 While o'er the white crests of the dark wave she dashes,
 As through the black heavens the red lightning flashes.
 Her white sails are fill'd with the breath of the morning,
 Her long streamers flout the dull clouds as in scorning,
 As, with masts in the sky and with prow in the foam,
 She fearlessly seeks through the surges her home.
 As the cataract leaps from its bed on the mountain,
 As the wild currents gush in the Geyser's hot fountain,
 As the kite cleaves the clouds when he scents out his prey,
 So swiftly she shot through the waves on her way.
 Oh! many a heart in that fleet barque is beating,
 With thoughts of 'sweet home,' and its fond friendly greeting,
 But long ere the broad sun shall brighten the morrow,
 Those hearts shall be still, and that home be in sorrow.
 There are clouds dense and dark in the mid-heav'n careering,
 The billows are heap'd on the track she is steering,
 There's a deep-heaving swell on the bosom of Ocean,
 And, though stormless, its waves are in wrathful commotion.
 A red lurid light the horizon is streaking,
 The thunder's low growl tells the tempest is breaking,
 The gale through the rigging is mournfully moaning,
 And the masts 'neath the might of the wild winds are groaning.
 Hark! hark! the loud whirlwind, in fierce fury raging,
 Mark! mark! the chaf'd Ocean its 'yeasty war waging,'
 And see how that barque o'er its broad-breast is bounding,
 Like a stag when the hunter's shrill-bugle is sounding,
 Like the meteors that shoot, cross the surface of heaven,
 That barque o'er the billows resistless is driven;
 Like a sea monster's bulk when he lashes in wrath,
 She scatters the foam of the waves on her path.
 On, on, o'er the wild waste of waters she's driving,
 In her flight with the might of the tempest she's striving,
 On, on, though around her the vex'd ocean winds,
 A thick shroud of spray—and her mariners blinds.
 And now her shred sails into fragments are riven,
 In vain with the strength of the storm she has striven;
 By the board, 'come her masts,' as the shrouds from her lee,
 Are wrenched with a crash—by the shock of a sea.
 Now, now, on a mountainous wave she is dancing,
 Her keel mid its foam-crested summit is glancing;
 Like a fleet arrow's flight from its height she is hurried,
 And deep in its wide yawning gulph she is buried.
 One shrill horrid shriek o'er the waters is borne,
 That tells to the feelings a tale—how forlorn!—
 Will the ocean disgorge her from out its womb? never!
 In its fathomless depths she is buried for ever.

Cork, March 15.

GEORGE CANNING.*

It was due to Mr. Canning's fame while he was yet living, and it still more justly belongs to his memory now that he is no more, that the public should have a full and deliberate opportunity of judging of the claims he had to the extraordinary distinction which he enjoyed. Of his literary productions little is known; and, as they do not surpass those of most persons of middling literary powers, it is well that no great stress should be laid upon them. As a statesman and as an orator it was that he won his laurels, and it therefore became necessary that his political conduct and his speeches in parliament should be fairly represented. From the moment of his accession to the first offices of the state, and when the natural inclination of his mind, and the inherent liberality and generosity of his opinions were permitted to develop themselves without restraint, his whole conduct proved that he was, in every respect, entitled to the confidence of the king and of the people of Great Britain. The party distinctions which had so long agitated different classes of the community were, in many instances, totally annihilated by the conciliatory, manly, unprejudiced way in which he treated the subjects out of which those distinctions sprung. Upon other points, although it was impossible at once to reconcile the animosities which had been the growth of many years, and which had been fostered by a selfish and misgoverning policy, his example had done much. He had disavowed all feelings of personal bigotry. In his own name, and in the name of the government, he had prepared to bring all jarring opinions to the arbitrament of reason and good sense; and, without in the first place attempting to vanquish those from whose notions he dissented, he prepared them for such changes as the spirit of the times must ultimately work in them, by infusing into them some of that mild and forbearing spirit which characterised his own life. If that life had been spared, it cannot reasonably be doubted that the benevolent and extensive plans which he had laid down for the prosperity of this country, and for the amelioration of all mankind, would have been carried into effect. All that we can hope for now is, that the seed which he sowed may not have fallen upon barren places, but that it will yet produce some of the good fruits which he had contemplated.

The personal character of Mr. Canning offers but scanty materials for the biographer. Inasmuch as it was identified with the times in which he lived, it offers, indeed, as wide a field as the history of these times can occupy, to the labours of any who should undertake it in

that point of view. Mr. Therry has not done this. He has prefixed to the speeches a memoir of Mr. Canning, in which he relates just so much as is necessary to explain the circumstances which led him into parliament and into power, and all of which were already sufficiently familiar to most readers. This part of his task, however, the editor has executed very ably. The memoir is written in a simple, appropriate style; and, although its author does not affect to conceal a strong regard for, and admiration of, the subject of his labours, he is wholly exempt from that blind reverence which is equally unworthy of him who receives, and of him who offers it.

The circumstances of Mr. Canning's early life have been often talked of, and almost always misrepresented. Mr. Therry states them in the following manner. The practice of keeping up a correspondence with his mother is only among many of his kind heart and good disposition.

'George Canning, the father of the statesman, was a gentleman of considerable literary acquirements. He displeased his parents by marrying a dowerless beauty; this alliance was formed in London after he had entered his name as a student of the Middle Temple. The maiden name of Mrs. Canning, whom he married in the spring of 1768, was Miss Costello, an Irish lady, who, though unendowed with fortune, belonged to a family of high respectability. By the surviving members of Mr. Canning's family who remember this lady, at the time of her marriage, she is spoken of in terms of high commendation, as a lady of great beauty and accomplishments.

'The indiscretion of yielding to the promptings of "the cruel tyrant love," without a parental sanction, was severely punished by his father, who, in consequence of it, disinherited him of the property of which, in the course of nature, he would have become the rightful possessor. An allowance of one hundred and fifty pounds a year was settled upon him, and he was given at the same time to understand that, in the event of his father dying before him, this scanty provision would not be increased. He was called to the bar, but it seems that he never pursued that profession with earnestness. His taste and talents rather inclined him to poetry and the pursuit of polite literature, than to the austere study of the law. His residence in London was a perpetual struggle against adverse circumstances, but, although "the hard hand of a vexatious need sometimes oppressed them," Mr. and Mrs. Canning were received into a very elegant circle of society, and lived together contented,

* *The Speeches of the Right Hon. George Canning; with a Memoir of his Life.* By R. Therry, Esq. 6 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Ridgway.

happy, and respected. He died in April, 1771, whilst he was engaged in making fresh efforts to extricate himself from difficulties, which daily thickened around him.

Thus the circumstances of the birth of Mr. Canning—the subject of this memoir—were far from auspicious of a future distinguished destiny. In the first year of his infancy his father died;—his mother, by her husband's death, was left an unprovided widow—and was obliged to devote those talents and accomplishments which hitherto adorned her in private life, to procure an honourable and independent subsistence in public. To a lady of her beauty and abilities, the stage presented itself as an obvious mode of accomplishing this object;—her success in this profession was not eminent; it was sufficient, however, to gratify her laudable desire of arriving at independence. She married a second time, Mr. Hunn, but soon became a widow a second time.

It is, perhaps, opportune here to state, that Mr. Canning took the earliest occasion of relieving his mother from the necessity of obtaining a maintenance by the public exercise of her talents. With an affection, truly dutiful and exemplary, he not only applied a portion of the means allowed him by his family, for the prosecution of his collegiate studies, to her support, but devoted to that praiseworthy purpose the first fruits of his public services. When he retired, in 1801, from the office of Under Secretary of State, he was entitled to a pension of five hundred pounds a year; instead of appropriating that sum to his own uses, he requested to have it settled as a provision on his mother. His attention to his mother throughout his whole life was most kind and affectionate, and will be contemplated with delight by those who love to appreciate the private qualities which endear, in preference to the more glittering, though not more substantial or admirable ones, which dazzle and astonish. Mr. Canning not only paid a yearly visit to his mother at Bath, where she resided, but made it a rule, which he invariably observed, to write to her every Sunday. So strictly did he observe this rule of addressing a weekly letter to his mother, that, during his embassy at the Court of Lisbon, even when opportunities of intercourse between Portugal and England did not occur sometimes for several weeks together, he nevertheless wrote his Sunday letter, so that a packet often conveyed four or five letters together to his mother. These letters his grateful parent preserved; and she delighted in reading them in the circle of her friends at Bath.

After being educated at Eton he went to Christ Church, Oxford, at both of which places he distinguished himself by great talent, and no less application.

The commencement of his acquaintance April, 1828.

with Mr. Pitt, though somewhat curious in its circumstances, is attributable to the same honourable source from which he derived all his distinction in after-life—his own talents. The celebrity of those talents reached the minister. Mr. Pitt, through a private channel, communicated his desire to see Mr. Canning. With this requisition Mr. Canning, of course, readily complied. Mr. Pitt proceeded immediately on their meeting to declare to Mr. Canning the object of his requesting an interview with him;—which was to state, that he had heard of Mr. Canning's reputation as a scholar and a speaker, and that, if he concurred in the policy which government was then pursuing, arrangements would be made to facilitate his introduction into parliament. After a full explanation between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning, of the feelings of each on all the important public questions of the moment, the result was, on Mr. Canning's part, the determination to connect himself politically with Mr. Pitt; and, on the part of Mr. Pitt, the offer of a seat in parliament. He may have confided this determination to Mr. Sheridan, or possibly may have consulted him; but even the assertion, so frequently made, that Sheridan's advice mainly influenced him in this important step, is sustained by no competent authority. This acquiescence in the proposal of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Canning's friends knew to be consistent with his previously avowed and conscientious conviction, as when he had no motives of interest to sway him in adopting that conviction, and very strong ones to dissuade him from it, he had uncompromisingly expressed it in the Whig circle in which he principally moved, and by which, in the ordinary course of events, it was natural he should have expected to be introduced into parliament.

"It is questionable," says Mr. Moore, in his 'Life of Sheridan,' "whether, in thus resolving to join the ascendant side, Mr. Canning has not conferred a greater benefit on the country, than he ever would have been able to effect in the ranks of his original friends. That party, which has now so long been the sole depository of the power of the state, had, in addition to the original narrowness of its principles, contracted all that proud obstinacy in antiquated error, which is the invariable characteristic of such monopolies: and which, however consonant with its vocation, as the chosen instrument of the crown, should have long since *invalided* it in the service of a free and enlightened people. Some infusion of the spirit of the times into this body had become necessary even for its preservation, in the same manner as the inhalation of youthful breath has been recommended by some physicians to the infirm and superannuated. This renovating inspiration the genius of Mr. Canning has supplied. His first political lessons were derived from

sources too sacred to his young admiration to be forgotten. He has carried the spirit of these lessons with him into the councils which he joined, and, by the vigour of the graft, which already, indeed, shows itself in the fruits, bids fair to change altogether the nature of toryism."

"Thus Mr. Canning entered into public life, the avowed pupil of Mr. Pitt. He was returned to parliament in 1793, for the borough of Newport, in the Isle of Wight. There have been few persons, on whom was imposed, in an equal degree, the difficulty—or who were so keenly sensitive of it as Mr. Canning—of proving himself equal to the fame for eloquence, which had preceded him to the House of Commons before he became a member of it. Throughout the first session that he sat in parliament, his attention was active and vigilant—his attendance constant;—but, although alluring opportunities for oratorical display were not wanting, he preserved strict silence. He seems to have devoted this first session, to acquire the useful knowledge of the forms and practices of parliament. His example, in this respect, may be serviceable to young members of parliament, who are too apt to yield to the perilous temptation of making set speeches "out o' joint i' the time." The propriety of this forbearance might be justified by more than one instance, of men of

real oratorical ability, who have failed, by pursuing an opposite course. Mr. Canning's maiden speech was made on the 31st of January, 1794, in favour of the subsidy, proposed to be granted to the King of Sardinia. In the estimation of his friends, and of the house, this speech, though equal to the subject, was hardly on a level with his own fame. It sustained, without materially enhancing, the reputation that he had already acquired. Those whose recollections bear them back to the remote day, in which this great statesman first started into political life, and those, who have only witnessed the matured brilliancy of his career, will alike feel delight in tracing to its source, that rich stream of eloquence which, for more than thirty years, has flowed, majestic and resistless, the pride and ornament of a great nation.'

His history merges in that of his country; and it is no small compliment to his comprehensive genius, and a proof of his well-founded popularity, to find that his avowed opponents have been compelled to adopt, in many instances, his political principles, and to follow at an humble distance in his footsteps.

Mr. Therry has displayed great good taste, as well as most praiseworthy care, in the manner in which he has prepared these volumes; while, in the memoir, he has evinced the first quality of the biographer, great impartiality.

CHANSON A BOIRE.

By Shelton Mackenzie.

We'll hymn a requiem o'er the bowl,
Ere its bright contents are drunk;
They flashed their sunshine thro' each soul,
That else in care had sunk.
All solemnly our dirge shall speak,
Upon the knee we'll bend,
And tho' each bursting heart would break,
Mourn this departing friend.

Solemn and slow the harp shall sound,
And sweetly shall the song
From heart to lip be sent around,
To tell our grief so strong.
And every eye to night must weep,
Like mourners o'er a tomb—
Those inward tears that do not sleep,
But linger on in gloom.

No! no!—the sunshine of the bowl
Unclouded now is seen,
The *spirit's* quick career will roll,
Nor sorrow intervene.
Our dirge—our requiem cast aside,
The wine-cup's balm will bring
The current of its richest tide,
As thus its praise we sing.

Fermoy.

The past, the past, like a mournful story,
Lies traced on the map of thought.

It was my original intention to glean from 'things as they are,' alone, subject matter for any sketches I might send for insertion in 'The Dublin and London Magazine;' but, on consideration, I thought, a little communing with bye-gone days, might not prove unacceptable; for, where is the spirit that cannot dwell with a degree of marked enthusiasm on the past, however embittered with sorrow, or sweetened with enjoyment? and let the future mirror forth ever such sunny prospects, we delight, like travellers, to pause on our journey onwards, and look back at the dangers through which we have passed, or the moments of delight which may have beamed on us.

In the year 1798, a year which brought destruction and devastation to many a happy home in this unfortunate isle—when every hour proved

'The death bed of hope, and the young spirit's grave.'

And when the ruthlessness of those in command, urged onward the coward slaves who basked in the sunshine of their favour, to sanguinary and revolting acts of bloodshed and cruelty. It is painful to dwell on such a picture—enough.

In a remote part of the south of this island, the union of three vallies forms the bed of an extensive and magnificent lake, from one side of which issues a small river navigable by boats, and communicating with the mighty expanse of the northern atlantic; the sides of the mountain nearest the lake are in the extreme precipitous, and among their towering heath clad cliffs and solitary caverns afforded many a secure retreat for those who outlawed themselves by a public adherence to the insurgents of the day, and were obliged to fly their altars, friends, and fire-sides, to escape the fury of their persecutors. The side of one of the hills was a beautiful verdant slope, and the decline of an opposing hill was wooded to its summit; the lovely green of the herbage, contrasted with the various tints of the trees as they appeared at different heights and in different groups, produced a delightful effect, and gave an air of gladness to this otherwise apparent solitude; but how much more

was it enhanced, when the wearied traveller happened to espy the blue turf smoke curling gracefully upwards, amid the embowering trees, giving evidence of a human habitation. It once presented a sheltering spot, where a night's rest for the weary might with certainty be obtained—when warm hearts were sure to give cheerful welcome, and think their hospitality well repaid to see their guest happy. This lonely sheeling had stood here in humbleness for ages, and was now tenanted by the lonely descendants of the builder. They had one lovely daughter; she was their only comfort, and principal assistant. The father, although the hoariness of age was his, retained all the alertness and vigour of a mountaineer—he tended his scanty flock, and tilled his few acres for his family's support—while the mother with her daughter kept every thing within doors in the most perfect rural order and neatness. The well-scoured dresser was decked out with glittering pewter vessels, ranged one after the other; the polished warming-pan, a substantial part of domestic comfort, now nearly exploded, and the culinary utensils, glittered in the recesses beneath it.

A wicker-work two-arm-chair, in one corner of the ample fire-place, was the cozy seat appointed for the patriarchal owner, and the peat or turf piled on the hearth, diffused its comfortable warmth around the well whitewashed apartment; nor were the usual ornaments of cottages in the shape of highly coloured flaring paints wanted, and the air of their every day apartment bespoke the enjoyment of every simple luxury which the contented minds of cottagers could wish for, and that entertainment for an unexpected guest, that chance might make an inmate of their happy home, would be sought for not in vain.

Mary had the imprint of health upon her face, her eyes sparkled with good-nature; and, though naturally vivacious, her innate modesty threw a veil of reservation over her every action, which charmed not less than the perfect symmetry of her form. Such a rustic beauty could not be long without a train of admirers,

but one more especially won his way to her affections, and his ardency in the cause for which all then strained their very heartstrings, was additional recommendation in Mary's eyes.

Charley Driscoll was esteemed by all who knew him; he was industrious and prudent, and, though not wealthy, he was independent. He tilled his little farm with care, and lived comfortably upon its produce; but he had a warm humane heart, and was therefore not inaccessible to the principles which had now gained ground in Ireland; the triangle and lash had done more for the cause of the disaffected than any abstract notions of political rights; and when listening to the tales, too well authenticated, of individual wrongs inflicted by the minions of government, he burned with impatience for an opportunity of wreaking vengeance upon the wretches, who, like the ogres of the east, thought no music so fascinating as the cries and groans of tortured men. Happy and thoughtless he had no idea of gaining any thing personally by successful rebellion; but, with a chivalry consonant to the feelings of the Irish bosom, he was anxious to embark his all in the hazardous enterprise, which had for its object the liberation of the country from the grasp of those, who now, like the fabled vulture, lived upon its very vitals.

Woman feels more acutely than man for the sufferings of others; her heart is less callous, her imagination more active, and Mary's fine eye, 'clear as the morning's first light,' would kindle with virtuous indignation at the recitals of those horrors which were then perpetrated almost everywhere throughout the country. Dearly as she loved Charley, she felt no apprehension for the future; she knew the cause into which he had deliberately embarked, and the ardency and impatience with which he spoke of the approaching experiment, served only to endear him still more to one by no means insensible to the claims of rustic valour and heroism. She thought not of danger; she looked forward to victory; and longed to hear the tale of her lover's 'deeds of arms,' recited at the fireside of every hamlet. Charley was already celebrated as an expert hurler, and renowned for athletic exploits; and Mary fondly thought, one known to local fame, required only a more enlarged field of action to deserve and acquire still greater no-

toriety. The course of their 'true love,' ran on sweetly enough for some time; and, on the first agitation of the country, by the moral volcano of *ninety-eight*, every thing wore a favourable aspect; but, the reverse was sudden, and, with the downfall of their hopes, came fears and anxieties, which their inexperience did not dream of.

During the eventful contest, Charley performed the part of a daring insurgent; he was foremost wherever danger tempted valour, and when 'the day was lost,' he returned home 'wan and faint, but fearless still.' He was an outlaw; but was not without companions in his peril; and, amongst others, Owney Sullivan sought with him the security of the hill and the dale, the wood and the recesses of the shore. A common danger reconciles slight differences; Owney had been Charley's rival; and had formerly drawn upon himself Mary's anger; but all cause of anger or resentment was now forgotten, and he was hospitably received, along with others, by her, whenever the absence of their pursuers rendered it safe to venture from their places of concealment. Here they found some alleviation of their sufferings; and Charley still sanguine, cheered the mind of his mountain nymph with prognostics of happier days, and undisturbed quiet domestic enjoyment. The times, however, were fearful; the progress of martial law had left its revolting traces in almost every village, and the gallows, like a pestilence, remorselessly prepared its victims for the chilly grave. Under these circumstances, even the national gaiety of the Irish character had but little room to display itself; their conversations were necessarily gloomy; and at length weary of a life of anxiety and hardship, the outlaws resolved to solicit the interposition of their landlord, a nobleman of great political influence. Owney Sullivan undertook the mission, and as he had some distance to travel, he set out, properly disguised, early in the morning. His comrades waited with anxiety for his return; the day passed away, and Owney did not make his appearance; but there was no apprehension of treachery; he might have fallen into the hands of the enemy, but no one dreamed of deceit.

The evening was now fast falling, and Mary, at the request of her father, went out to see if she could discover the ap-

proach of friend or foe; Charley followed her; and both of them took their station on the ruins of an old abbey, which had stood for ages on a beetling rock, towering over the lake,

‘ Mossed and grey,
A desolate and time-worn pile,
With ivy wreaths and wall-flowers.’

They strained their eyes over the heath-clad hill, but no human being appeared; all was silent; and under other circumstances they would have felt the sweetness of the mellow evening, and the increasing breeze which the declining summer’s sun seldom fails to call up to refresh, as it were, the living things which his fervor had nearly blasted. The scene too was as lovely as ever. Nature is not influenced by the crimes or madness of men; the summer calls forth flowers, whether they bloom to ‘waste their sweetness on the desert air,’ or to gratify mortals, be they good or vicious. All know this, and feel grateful for it; its an evidence of Omnipotent wisdom; and amidst cares and perils reminds us of that beneficent Being who has placed us amidst created wonders, lest we should ever forget, insignificant as we may be, that the eye of superintending Providence is always upon us.

As Charley and Mary looked around them, upon the hills above, and the rippling waves of the lake below, they felt, unknown to themselves, the influence of such a scene and such an hour; they regarded each other with the chastened sentiments of virtuous love, and descending from the ruins upon which they were standing, they strolled carelessly along the bank which immediately overhung the water. In that sweet hour they forgot the business upon which they were sent, and the evening darkening around them, warned them in vain of the anxiety of their friends in the cottage; they surrendered themselves to the witchery of the moment, and ‘all forgetting,’ they continued to walk forward, until turning an angle of the strand, the rising moon, which had been hid by an intervening hill, burst suddenly upon them. Reminded of home, they turned round to retrace their steps, and, at that instant, a wild shout, and the loud report of fire-

arms, were heard. It was a moment of terror; their fears told them too truly that their friends had been betrayed, but it was no time for reflection; they hastened to a neighbouring eminence, and saw the sky above the cottage red with the flames that now ascended from its roof. Regardless of their personal safety, they made for the scene of terror; but, as they drew near, they became sensible of the danger, if not of the folly, of proceeding further. With much persuasion Charley prevailed upon Mary to remain where she was, while he went cautiously forward to learn what they both feared to ascertain. The firing had ceased; the shouting subsided, and, when he returned, the only answer he made in reply to Mary’s enquiries for her parents, was, ‘The Hessians are in search of us.’ The mention of these martial ruffians acted like an electrical shock upon the nerves of the unhappy girl; she trembled violently; and as their treatment of the female peasantry was notorious, she forgot every consideration but a sense of her own insecurity.

Throughout the confusion of the period, the insurgents paid manly respect to female honour; there is not a recorded instance of their having forgot the deference due to helplessness or beauty; and on every occasion they acted one and all like man, conscious of being the husbands and brothers of virtuous wives and sisters.* Far different was the conduct of their adversaries; and the horror it excited was a melancholy testimony of the sense in which female purity was held by the Irish peasantry. Amongst the most atrocious in such proceedings, were the mercenary troops of Germany; the very mention of their name filled Mary with apprehension; and, in her dread of unmanly violence, she thought of nothing but flight; no time was to be lost—a circuitous path led to the margin of the lake; where, in a narrow inlet, screened from the closest observation, was moored a small boat; and, lying near the mouth of the river which communicated with the sea from the lake, a small skiff was moored, belonging to some fishermen in the neighbourhood, who, along with their usual and professed avocation,

* The Rev. Mr. Gordon, in his history, does not deny this; but he endeavours to detract from the implied praise, by observing that the female peasantry were so patriotically prodigal of their favours, that they left Paddy nothing further to desire. Did the reverend gentleman never hear of the appetite being increased by ‘what it fed on?’

carried on contraband trade on every favourable occasion. As an only resource, Charley thought of this; but they had to cross the lake ere they reached the stream which would convey them to the sea, where the vessel lay. The night had now completely set in, but 'the moon on high, hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,' beamed upon their path; the fastnings of the little boat were soon loosed, and they entered in a state of indescribable agitation; every rustling of the wind through the heather on the hill, or the flags and rushes which flourished on the border of the lake, filled them with apprehension. The boat was at length pushed from the shore; and now secure in having escaped from his pursuers, who, like bloodhounds, would glut their fangs in the gore of any fated victim they might seize on, Charley vigorously tugged the oar, and the boat rode swiftly over the waters. The breadth of the lake, being more than three miles across, the distance he had to row, unassisted, was considerable; but his situation added new vigour to his frame; nor did he think for one moment of fatigue; the innate courage of his Mary began to rekindle upon her lovely countenance, and for one smile what would he not undergo? The horror was banished from her mind, but her parents, who were behind, were now the principal objects of her solicitude. What would she not have endured with them? How could she suffer separation? Were they even alive? But, again, there was an all-seeing Power who would protect them, she thought, as she was conveyed farther away from them; under the protection of one who loved her, who, although outlawed from his country, was dearer to her than life. The conflict of these different sensations in her mind was, even in the wan light of the moon, visibly pictured on her face, although she endeavoured to conceal her emotion from her lover, who undauntedly and firmly sought for himself and her a place of safety.

But hopes of happiness are not always realized, and dreams of joy are often dissipated by causes which are the least suspected: they who know the uncertainty of the gusts of wind which occasionally blow on inland lakes, are aware of their danger, and unfortunately it was the fate of this faithful pair to encounter one, which suddenly arose from the north-

east. Its suddenness and its fury quite disconcerted Charley's skill; the boat twirled about in spite of his utmost efforts, and the plashing of the waves as they dashed against its frail sides began to fill it with water. Mary sat fixed like a statue in the stern; she was perfectly paralysed with alarm; and Charley himself felt too much apprehension to attempt the task of a comforter: he spoke not; he hardly breathed, but he desisted not in his efforts to propel the little bark through the angry surge. Still the storm abated not; and presently the sky was overcast; the moon hid its pale light behind a dense cloud, and the lightning 'leaped about,' as if in mockery of the elemental strife. There was no time for the interchange of thoughts; Charley laboured with great energy, and he acquired new strength when he heard a prayer, slow, solemn, and impressive, breathed from Mary's lips. One so good, so innocent, was, he thought, like an angel's presence, there could not come harm to anything near her; and this opinion seemed to receive confirmation from the elements; for, on her obtesting Heaven, the storm seemed to subside, and the moaning of the wind through the neighbouring hills was distinctly heard. This sound, which at another time would have filled them with melancholy, proved most delightful; it intimated that they were not far from land; but the gladness which suddenly arose within them was as suddenly dashed with fears. A blast from a bugle burst upon their ears, and the voice of men as if in reply, was heard indistinctly from various points. Charley for a moment suspended his toil; and, looking up towards the moon, which was now emerging from the cloud that had obscured it, he perceived that, in the confusion of the darkness and the storm, he had mistaken his course, and was now close upon the shore from which he thought himself receding. There was not a moment to be lost in rectifying his error; and, lest he should give alarm, he pulled his oars cautiously, but forcibly. His fears were but too well grounded; a cheer long and deafening struck terror into his soul; and Mary dropped upon her knees in the bottom of the bark. Charley now saw that there was no chance of safety but by distancing his pursuers, who had already launched a boat, and he exerted all his remaining strength with

the energy of a man conscious of being in the mouth of danger. His little skiff, though half filled with water, literally flew over the lake, but his enemies were as determined to capture as he was to escape: the report of a musket was re-echoed from the distant hills, and, by the flash of its pan, he saw that they were at no great distance from him; and, on another shot being fired, the bullet rebounded from the water just under his helm. This did not cause him to relax; he strained every sinew, and reached the opposite shore before they could overtake him. As the prow of his boat ploughed up the strand, he gave a triumphant cheer, and extended his arms for Mary to leap into them; but at that moment his pursuers fired a volley; a ball struck him; he reeled, groaned, and expired. A wild, an almost supernatural, scream from Mary announced to the pursuers that part of their object had been accomplished, and in an instant the wild Germans were hustling each other, in the general eagerness to seize the poor forsaken creature, who now thought of nothing but her dead lover, whose spurned corpse was clasped in her arms.

'Azy, boys, azy,' said a voice, which Mary recognized for that of Owney Sullivan, 'you mustn't injure this girl.'

'Save me, Owney,' she cried, wildly abandoning the dead body, as if suddenly awakening to a sense of her situation.

The soldiers gave a loud ironical laugh, and one of them seized her roughly by the arm.

'You shall not,' cried Owney, 'I've sould the pass, 'tis true, but it was bekase I loved this girl—you shall not injure her.'

Another laugh was the only reply he received; and, when he attempted to release Mary from the rude grasp of the Hessian, a blow from one of his comrades stretched him upon the ground, and

* * * *

Three days after this a sad procession, with two coffins on men's shoulders, entered the cemetery of the ruined abbey; they contained the remains of Charley and Mary. After the usual form had been gone through, they were both committed to the same grave; and their hapless fate, even in this hour of peril, excited more than common sympathy. It was fortunate for Mary that she did not survive the brutal treatment which she experienced at the hands of her lover's murderers; the world no longer contained any one of those who had made life joyous and happy; her parents had fallen in the attack upon the cottage; her lover was no more, and she herself—Heaven, in mercy, did not permit her to survive her honour.

The wretch who had 'sold the pass,' who in a fit of jealousy betrayed his comrades into the hands of their enemies, had shame enough left to hide his face for ever from the eyes of all who knew him. He quitted the country, and was never afterwards heard of, by those who detested his treachery.

STANZAS.

Like winter sun upon the billow,
Like the dew that gems the night,
Like the dream that gilds the pillow
With its fair but transient light—
Such art thou; my girl of brightness:
Beauty's daughter such art thou,
With thy neck's luxuriant whiteness,
For the sunshine of thy brow.
From the wave the beam hath perish'd,
From the night the dew hath pass'd,
And the spell-like dream we cherish'd
Died, like music on the blest.
Thou—oh! word of sighs and sorrow!
Thou art also pass'd away,
And I live to meet the morrow
When I wake, nor feel thy ray.

SYMPTOMS OF ANOTHER REFORMATION.

— Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Shakspeare.

THERE is no change in public affairs more gratifying to witness than improvement in trade or manufacture—on the prosperity of these two branches of human employment, a country's weal is mainly dependant, and *a fortiori*, from the moment of their decline, the ruin and decay of any country may almost be dated. The situation of Ireland with regard to her trade is not becoming less gloomy, nor is employment meted out to the people to keep pace with their numbers or their wants; and it will seem a self evident principle, that in proportion as the unemployed obtain work, enabling them to satisfy the cravings of their helpless families, disaffection and turbulence will subside.—There is no place exhibits so fully as the metropolis the slightest rise or depression in trade and manufacture—the most trifling stimulus, like the effect of electric matter on an electrometer, displays itself at once, and our shopkeepers and tradespeople in their very physiognomies, 'tell a tale of joy or woe,' as their occupation may be affected by good business or the opposite.

During the viceroyalty of the Marquis Wellesley, every year boded worse and worse—his unpopularity, which forced him as it were to hide himself, for fear of evil consequences, after the bravoes of a base faction had bearded him in the public theatre, regardless of the laws of their country, and relying on their partizans and powerful friends to stand forward when the day of retribution would approach—when his Excellency 'took unto himself a wife'—a gleam of hope brightened the circle of fashion, as a vice-queen would do the honors of a throne, and diffuse a gaiety and life, which it long had been a stranger to: she was of a proscribed caste, and the 'figure of the beast' was branded on her forehead by the satellites who surrounded the court, and the placemen, who are the principal representatives of faction, this unfortunate city can boast of.

In this condition were we, our misery assuming a dye, 'deeper and deeper still,' every day, until it pleased our most gracious Sovereign to appoint the Marquis of Anglesea to hold the high and palmy

state of Viceroy in Ireland. His arrival was hailed by both parties; for his opinions of late regarding the one eternal question of Catholic Emancipation, were not declared. On the Patron Saint of Wales, St. David's day, he entered in triumph, amid the heart-stirring cheers of an Irish multitude—though now when I write, not more than three short weeks have elapsed, an air of alacrity is visible in our streets; the cobwebs that hung in hateful festoons on the once regal halls of Dublin Castle, were quickly displaced; the very grass which forced its way through the pavements in the court-yards, hangs down, driven back as it were, to the recesses of the earth again. The bustle of the city, shopkeepers, tradespeople all, have assumed the busy stir of active employment, and the hopes of being enabled to 'keep the wolf from the door,' and settling into a smile the angry scowl of the dunning tax collector, has given an air of happiness and content, which they have been long, long unused to. This must be called 'a reformation,' not like the slimy tongued hypocrite's, who, with a bible in his hand, and a sanctified smile on his lip, aims daggers at the peace of families and firesides: it is not 'a reformation' in religion the Irish people want—it is not any defect in the moral code of the religion of five-sixths of the population that need a remedy—no! matters of graver moment press themselves on the consideration of those who view with unjaundiced eyes the real state of the country; and, from every appearance, there is a spirit within the gallant nobleman who now holds the reins of government in this island, that points out to him 'the way he should go'—not like his predecessor in office, who spent his days like an Eremite, immured within his lodge in the precincts of the Phoenix-park, never venturing to hold even the semblance of a court. On the 10th of March a crowded levee was held, where Catholic noblemen, a Catholic archbishop, and Catholic gentlemen, were received and treated as they should be. Among the list of the gentry, the name of one of the aspirants for the dormant marquissate of Annandale in Scotland, appeared.

On the 13th inst. a drawing-room was held, and the fairer part of 'Nature's handywork' were magnificently attired in the manufacture of the country—this is as it should be; and every hour gives fresh proofs of the anxiety felt by our noble Viceroy, to advance in every way the interests of the land, of which he holds the reins of government. His urbanity, condescension, his moving amid the people, with a single attendant, seeing every thing which is worthy of being seen enables him to win his way to the hearts of the Irish nation, and ingratitude is no trait in their dispositions. It is to be hoped that these signs of amendment are not 'visions of fairy bliss,' flitting away like phantoms of the fancy; but that, like the cheering

rays of the summer sun, they may not only dispense life and heat, and prosperity, but dispel the dark clouds of fanaticism and party feeling, which incites a few bigot fools to try and win converts to their particular creeds, as the only saving ones; and that the fine feeling which inspired the Poet, when he wrote,

" Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,

" In the cause of mankind, if our creeds do agree?

" Shall I blame the dear friend, whom I've valued and tried,

" If he kneel not before the same altar with me?"

may diffuse itself more universally over this land.

W.

GRAPHIC HUMOUR.—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

By Rory O'Rourke, Esq.

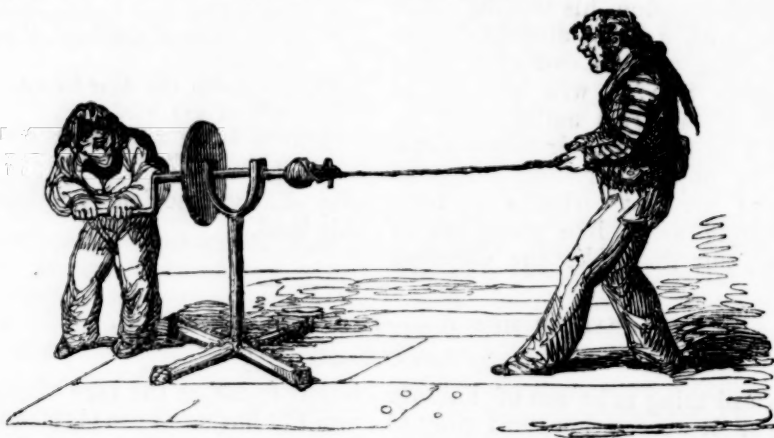
It is a sad thing to be out of humour—to live as it were a constant prey to the blue devils; and yet what can a body do in this erring world of ours? When you see such a man as Wellington in the place of George Canning, it is hard to resist the encroachments of melancholy ideas, but when you find Sir Thomas Lethbridge admitted to that house from which Daniel O'Connell is excluded, the heart within you sinks two inches lower, in spite of every philosophic effort to the contrary. If you turn from the political to the literary world, the same sad source of grievance presents itself; and it is difficult to withhold a good hearty d—n when you find merit overlooked—left to pine in obscurity—while puffed ignorance is patronised and caressed. The distribution too, of the goods of life, takes place with such apparent indifference, that even the philanthropist has need of something to counteract the sad impressions which now and then come over him like a summer cloud, and that, too, without his special wonder. For my own part I am not much given to despondence; and, perhaps, I should be more frequently a victim to ennui, were it not for good whiskey punch, 'The Spirit of Irish Wit,' and George Cruikshank. For the first, however, I am fast losing the relish—it is unfashionable—unintellectual—and the second has been perused so often that every joke in it is as fa-

April, 1828.

miliar to me as the face of my footman, and Pat has now been eighteen long years in my service. George, therefore, is the only laughing philosopher left me, but in him I have an inexhaustible fund of amusement. My table is now covered with the productions of his pencil, and really they have all the effect of a Catholicon: ill-humour, or even ill-health, dare not come where they are; they banish melancholy; drive away blue devils; cure the heart-ache, and the 'thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to;' and reconcile you to this mad world, and all the mad people who are in it; for they make me laugh! Had Heraclitus himself turned over only half a dozen of these pages, he must have changed the lines of his countenance, and shaped his muscles into a risible fashion, and owned that the world was only a kind of puppet-show for wise men to laugh at. But in his day they had no Cruikshank; they might boast an Appelles, and Phidias; but what have they done for the progress of good humour? I like to laugh: it is the privilege of my species, and therefore I will indulge in it, and bless all those who contribute to this 'fund of harmless amusement.' A good pun is not to be despised: Hood is capital in his way, and a witty saying or a witty story is an excellent thing for once in their way—but these things soon 'pall upon the senses' and will not bear repeating. Not so with graphic wit: it

never tires: Hogarth will bear examining every day, and Gillray will force a smile through lips hermetically sealed; but no one can make you laugh so constantly and so long as George Cruikshank. His graphic puns are his own; and unequalled in the history of the arts. What, for instance, was ever so palpable and appropriate as his 'tail-pieces' to

that characteristic work, 'Greenwich Hospital,' a series of naval sketches, &c. One of them, in particular, is excellent. A good story is what sailors call a 'Tough yarn,' and he who tells it is described as 'spinning a yarn;' and lo! George Cruikshank affixes the following as a 'Tail-piece' to one of the 'Old Sailor's Sketches.'



This is what I call a *graphic pun*, and had George never done anything else in his life, his name would go down to posterity honoured and revered by lovers of genuine humour. But he has done other things, and even better things: I could write a volume upon each, but I prefer giving proofs instead of rhetoric, and therefore present you with one of the best conceived designs that the Art—in all its ranges—can furnish. Be kind enough to read the following extract from Mr. Wight's 'More Mornings at Bow Street,' being the second series of his 'Police Reports.'

SPIRITS OF WINE.

"Your worship sees these here three gentlemen," said a guardian of the night, pointing to three well-dressed choice spirits, just brought to their account with all their imperfections on their heads;—"your worship sees 'em?"

"Very plainly," said the magistrate.

"Why, then, me and my partner had a terrible tussle with 'em just at break o'day, in Leicester Square, this morning," continued the guardian of the sleeping public. "There was four of 'em at first, please your worship, and they comes along, all a row, singing summat about wine curing of the cholic, and the like of that. 'Don't make such a clamour,' says I, 'waking honest inhabitants up out o'bed afore the time.'—'What's that you say, fello?' says the tallest one. 'Now I'll tell you what, master Charley,' says he, 'I'll jest give you a

manny-fist-ation of mighty *champagne*, my old boy!'—'Let me tickle his toby with the *black-strap*!' says another. 'Demme, I've a vast mind to *hock* the base-born brute!' squeaked another; and 'Devil fire him!' says the one in the carrotty whiskers, 'if I'd get a civil twist of him, I'd tache him the power of a pint of *burnt brandy*!'—'Lord help you,' says I, 'why, your legs arn't so thick as a pair o'bacca pipes!' and with that every man Jack of 'em lets fly at me, right and left, up bill and down dale; but I soon untackled my cudgel, by means of which the *burnt-brandy* gemman tumbled heels over head—the *black-strapper* went to the wall with a pain in his side—and the *hock-er* waddled off like a good one. But this here tall *champagner* stuck up to me tightly, till my partner came to my 'sistance, and we tuck these here three to the watch-house."

"Were they drunk?" asked the magistrate.

"Full to the neck, every one of 'em! your worship," replied the watchman.

"The unfortunate gentlemen had nothing to say in their defence, except that they had been "supping out," and were so full of wine that the spirit of it got the better of their judgment, and they had no perfect recollection of anything.

"The magistrate ordered that they should find bail for their appearance to answer for the assault at the Sessions; but eventually, at the *disinterested* intercession of the watchman, they were permitted to go home to their disconsolate friends."

Suppose, gentle reader, that you had a pencil in your hand, and a piece of box-wood, twice the size of a crown, before you, how would you [set about illus-

trating the foregoing? You would, no doubt, draw a surly watchman, and two or three drunken, staggering fellows; in short, a 'row,' or any thing but this:



This, unlike the works of the ancients, requires no comment; it tells its own story, and it will tell it for ever.

George, with the eye of a poet, 'in fine frenzy rolling,' glances through all nature, and sees things that are not to be found in nature. He draws fairies and fairy land in a manner which must delight the 'good people,' with whom his embellishments to 'German Popular Sto-

ries,'* are no doubt quite as great favourites as with the 'little people' of this duller world. Young O'Rourke goes to bed every night with the two volumes under his pillow!

As his illustrations of this work are etchings, I cannot well transfer them to my pages; but as one of them has been copied on wood, I give it here with the story which appertains to it.



THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER.

There was once a shoemaker who worked very hard, and was very honest; but still he could not earn enough to live upon, and at last all he had in the world was gone, except just leather enough to make one pair of shoes. Then he cut them all ready to make up the

next day, meaning to get up early in the morning to work. His conscience was clear and his heart light amidst all his troubles; so he went peaceably to bed, left all his cares to heaven, and fell asleep. In the morning, after he had said his prayers, he set himself down to his work, when, to his great wonder,

* This work has already reached a fourth edition.

there stood the shoes, all ready made, upon the table. The good man knew not what to say or think of this strange event. He looked at the workmanship; there was not one false stitch in the whole job; and all was so neat and true, that it was quite a masterpiece.

That same day a customer came in, and the shoes suited him so well that he willingly paid a price higher than usual for them; and the poor shoemaker with the money bought leather enough to make two pair more. In the evening he cut out the work, and went to bed early that he might get up and begin betimes next day: but he was saved all the trouble, for when he got up in the morning the work was done ready to his hand. Soon in came buyers, who paid him handsomely for his goods, so that he bought leather enough for four pair more. He cut out the work again over night, and found it done in the morning as before; and so it went on for some time: what was got ready in the evening was always done by day-break, and the good man soon became thriving and well off again.

One evening about Christmas time, as he and his wife were sitting over the fire chatting together, he said to her, 'I should like to sit up and watch to-night, that we may see who it is that comes and does my work for me.' The wife liked the thought; so they left a light burning, and hid themselves in a corner of the room behind a curtain that was hung up there, and watched what should happen.

As soon as it was midnight there came two little naked dwarfs; and they sat themselves upon the shoemaker's bench, took up all the work that was cut out, and began to ply with their little fingers, stitching and rapping and tapping away at such a rate, that the shoemaker was all wonder, and could not take his eyes off for a moment. And on they went till the job was quite done, and the shoes stood ready for use upon the table. This was long before day-break; and then they bustled away as quick as lightning.

The next day the wife said to the shoemaker, 'These little wights have made us rich, and we ought to be thankful to them, and do them a good turn if we can. I am quite sorry to see them run about as they do; they have nothing upon their backs to keep off the cold. I'll tell you what, I will make each of them a shirt, and a coat and waistcoat, and a pair of pantaloons into the bargain; do you make each of them a little pair of shoes.'

The thought pleased the good shoemaker very much; and one evening, when all the things were ready, they laid them on the table instead of the work that they used to cut out, and then went and hid themselves to watch what the little elves would do. About midnight they came in, and were going to sit down to their work as usual; but when they saw the clothes lying for them, they laughed and chuckled and were greatly delighted. They then dressed themselves in the twinkling of an eye, and danced and capered and sprang about as merry as could be, till at last they danced out at the door over the green; and the shoemaker saw them no more: but every thing went well with him from that time forward as long as he lived.

Besides these, he has done something for the fairies in the 'Dublin and London;' and I am indebted for the next engraving to that unique little work, Arliss's Pocket Magazine—the embellishments of which cost the publisher about *six hundred pounds a year*, and yet each monthly number is sold for *sixpence*! This is a forcible illustration of political economy. Cheap books make readers, and many readers make books cheap. My countrymen would do well to reflect upon this fact. But I am forgetting the engraving, while moralising; for there is so much thought in every thing that George does, that it forces one to think.



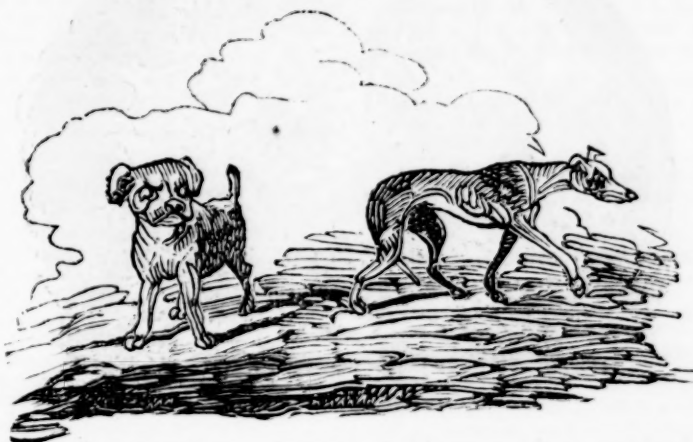
The gentleman beyond the hillock is the King of the Hartz Mountains, and the lady is—— but the story—a very

good one—is to be found in the little work alluded to.

Sometimes George becomes satirical,

and disguising his meaning, like wise men in despotic times, he conveys it in an allegory. The plates to that very curious and very extraordinary book, 'Eccentric Tales,' though drawn by the eccentric author, A. Crowquill, Esq. were etched by Mr. Cruikshank. There is a 'tail-piece,' however, which I would swear has something of George in it.

The preceding chapter informs us that there were two German brothers of very opposite qualities: both loved *hunting*, but the one was long, lanky, and gloomy, while the other was a tight, short, lively little fellow. Upon this hint the artist designed the following conclusion to the chapter.



The work which brought Mr. Cruikshank fairly before the public was, I believe, the 'Points of Humour;' and perhaps he has done nothing superior to the etchings in that publication. Burns' 'Jolly Beggars' afforded a fine field for the display of his talents; and accordingly he

has availed himself of its many *points* with his usual success in the first part of the work. The etchings must be referred to by those who admire genuine graphic humour; and perhaps the following engraving on wood is as fair a specimen of his powers as any of them.



The gallows in the back ground is not the least appropriate *point* in the design, and harmonizes admirably with the stolen goose—in the act of being plucked—in the lap of the gypsy. The knaves look quite happy.

'Does the train-attended carriage, &c.'

Certainly not; they are quite independent.

In the second Part of 'Points of Humour,' Mr. Cruikshank has resorted to Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle,' and perhaps the reader would be good enough to recollect that part of the story where Peregrine plays the trick upon the Bath physicians, by sending them to the chamber of a gouty officer, who had a remarkable antipathy to the faculty. The noise

made by the unbidden visitors awakened the poor man from one of these terrible visions which sometimes haunt the slumbers of bon vivants. The intolerable anguish of his joints had made a fearful

impression upon his brain; and, though the novelist had not dwelt upon the subject, the artist has 'given to airy nothing' a 'form and pressure,' so minute and so complicated that—but look at the design.



Who, after looking at this, would sit for hours absorbing wine, or prefer a fashionable dinner to a frugal one? George is really a great moralist; he has here forcibly pictured the miseries of repletion; and done more for sobriety than Dr. Paris or Macnish. Only think of having your great toe amplified into the circumference of a boxing-glove,

and then to have two little devils sawing through it, and the night mare seated all the time upon your inflated stomach, and a fellow hammering upon your temples, and another driving a spike through your hand, and—but words are useless; look upon the picture and cease to admire, if you can, the imagination which peopled it.
R. O'R.

THE MAN OF TON.*

THIS is a very clever satire, evidently the production of a person who belongs to that class of society of which it treats. The versification is easy, the style smart, the notions sometimes so pleasant as to approach wit, and all is fashionable enough to please the most fastidious. It is a useful book too, if folks would read it wisely. It shows, and this perhaps without intending to do so, that there is as much vice and misery, and baseness, among those persons who have all the advantages of wealth and ease, and education, to whom labour is not an inevitable fate, and whom poverty never pinches, as prevails amongst the lowest and most wretched, and most depraved of human beings. Let those who envy great and fashionable people think of this; let them read 'The Man of Ton,' and see all that a votary of such pursuits has to say for them; how the better truth will out, in spite of him; and let them bless the destiny that has pro-

TECTED from the awful responsibility and temptations to which wealth and idleness expose their possessor.

'The Man of Ton' relates, in very sprightly rhymes, the adventures of a boy brought up as the only sons of wealthy people now are brought up. The mischievous profligacy which is sowed at Eton is matured at Cambridge; the victim becomes a man of ton, is fleeced at Epsom, exhibits himself at Melton, is courted by managing mothers at Almack's, is soon ruined by a false friend, and, to make the cup of his folly and misery run over, he elopes with a young and beautiful married woman, who is ill-used by her husband. They go to Switzerland, are followed by the husband and their false friend, who is called 'Achates;' and here the catastrophe takes place, which, as it is a very favourable specimen of the whole work, we have extracted.

* *The Man of Ton.* A Satire. 8vo. London, 1828. Colburn.

'The lovers roam'd through scenes serene and fair,
For still, though strange it seem, they lovers were.
We drop familiar Jack,---young Percy now,---
Had just renew'd the oft-repeated vow,
Delighted hung upon Selina's song,
Which echoing woods and hollow caves prolong.

'Twas over Interlachen--- long and loud
Came clam'ring up the bustle of a crowd,
Trav'lers arriv'd, and with his glass a face
He saw, and thought he knew, but in that place!
It could not be! and yet it shook his frame,
And chilly dampness o'er his pulses came.
Selina spake not---but her eye and ear
Were quick as his with the initiate fear:
Silent they rose, and homeward bent their way,
And sad forebodings clos'd the doubtful day.
Achates and Sir Aldobrand were there,
Their purpose vengeance, heralds of despair.
To Percy's mind a conscious fancy drew
The fatal picture that must soon ensue.
Oft he'd observ'd a man, whom many a scar
Had mark'd with honourable stamp in war:
He guess'd him gentle, and he knew him brave,---
None others wear the cross Napoleon gave:
To him he flew, and with the voice of truth
Pour'd out the dear-bought follies of his youth.
The count was honour's self---he pass'd his word,
And as his friend would join him with his sword.

'Vengeance flies fast when malice lends it speed,
And thus prepar'd stood Percy in his need.
The kindred spirit of a foreign breast
Rous'd in his cause, and with true friendship prest,
To meet the fate which vice on folly brought,
And mix in danger he nor shunn'd nor sought.

'Achates met the count, and he prepar'd
For fatal scenes he had too often shar'd;
Calmly receiv'd him, and unshrinking stood
The guide of honour, arbiter of blood;
Fix'd time and weapon, and sequester'd place,
And lent to deeds of death a warrior's grace.

'In vain did Percy press the light repast,
Which, his soul whisper'd, was perhaps his last;
Selina's eyes were eloquent---but no---
No word betray'd her agony of woe.
One cup of coffee only would she share,
And Percy's hand had placed an opiate there:
A potent numbness o'er her senses creeps,
And, cheated of her griefs, she sinks and sleeps.

Now Percy was himself! new strength he found,
And with a manlier step he trod the ground.
On to his foe right boldly did he move;
His call was insult, and his cause was love.
He had been weak; but nerve and heart were good,
And all the Percy mantled in his blood!
Not fiercer flam'd great Marcius' fiery eye,
When rash Aufidius gall'd his bravery;
Not with more fury swell'd Othello's breast,
When all Iago's baseness stood confess'd;
Than when he found what treachery would dare,
And his eye fix'd upon Achates there:
His form grew twice itself---his rage might serve
To brace with lion's strength his ev'ry nerve.
'Sir Aldobrand,' he said, 'your wrongs I know
Are deep; I come to pay the debt I owe.
Had I ten lives, they're yours; but, ere I die,
Spare me, to pay a villain's perfidy!
Stand forth, base caitiff! coward! villain! slave!
False, fawning hypocrite! base, paltry knave!
Nay, take your ground, your pistol's in your hand,
Or, by bright heav'n, I'll slay you where you stand!'
More words were waste; in Percy's steadfast eye
Achates read it was his doom to die.
They fir'd together, and Achates fell,
And brighter burn'd the fires in inmost hell.

'And now, Sir Aldobrand, since this false friend
Has justice found in an untimely end;
Whilst thus he dies a death for him too good,
Revenge your wrongs, and wash them in my blood."

"No, misled youth, in sadness go thy way;
Enough of blood has honour shed to-day.
You've one at home---I name her not---but take
A husband's pardon, ere her heart-strings break;
Bid her forget my injuries and me,
And live henceforth for penitence and thee."

'Short space suffic'd to speed him from the spot,
Love lent him wings to bear him to his cot;
And his gay heart beat lightly in his breast;
Selina's pardon seal'd---and both are blest!
How like a deer he topp'd the wall of stone
That fenc'd the little garden, now his own!
Like one that's sav'd from shipwreck, once on shore,
Reflects on perils he has pass'd no more;
But turns to thoughts of happiness---to roam
No more, but fix his ev'ry thought on home.

'Before the door he paus'd, but all was still,
And through the grove he heard the babbling rill;
So still, he heard the ticking of the clock,
And plash of waters dripping from the rock.
'Selina still may sleep,' and on he creeps,---
He gently lifts the latch---indeed, she sleeps.
'How beautiful she looks!'---her silver skin
Show'd every circlet of the blood within.
Loose and disturb'd her unbound hair appears,
And on her cheek the trace of recent tears.

'Soft o'er her form the ling'ring zephyr plays;
"Sleep on, sweet love!"---he sat him down to gaze
Upon her clos'd lids, whose light divine,
Shall bless him when she wakes, and brighter shine.
He mov'd not once, lest, startled, she should hear
That he and happiness were both so near;
And now more near her cheek he drew, to sip---
Heav'n's choicest boon---the honey on her lip;
But still he tasted not her balmy breath,---
A rival had been there---that rival---Death!

'He starts convulsive from her cold embrace,
And his eye glares upon her ashy face.
'Awake, Selina!--wake, my love! my life!
'Tis Percy calls upon his love---his wife!
And now his cries, his wailings, rend the air,
And his soul speaks the language of despair.
A moment hopes he---willing to deceive
His sickening soul,---still struggles to believe
She sleeps---"Oh! no, no, no!--she is not dead;
Comes death to deck her on her bridal bed?
Hear me, Selina! hear!--I have no wife--

No love---no friend---no hope---why have I life?"
The conflict's o'er, his veins to bursting swell,
And on the dead a lifeless load he fell.
Now thronging to his aid the rustics fly;
The gentle priest and skilful leech apply
Their tend'rest care, and long entranc'd he lay,
Till first a groan, and then a tear found way;
And when at length they rais'd him from that bed,
The light of reason had for ever fled.
A moment now he smiles---a moment weeps,
And now,---"Be still," he says, "be still, she sleeps!"
And then he list'ning stands, and seems to wait
With patient hope the signal of his fate.

'But never comes a change, for his the doom
Of dark oblivion's everlasting gloom.
Alike to him the beams of orient day,
Or when at eve its glories fade away.
The summer's heat he feels not, nor the cold,
And in unconscious misery grows old.
Fix'd is the sum, the measure of the woe
That suffer'ing nature e'er can undergo.
When horror deepens, and the shudd'ring soul
Would snatch the poniard, drain the poison'd bowl,
Indulgent heav'n,---for pains we must endure,
Fruits of our follies, wounds beyond a cure,---
In mercy draws the darkest veil between
Our sense of feeling and the cureless scene!
Ears hear no plaints, and eyes with tears grow blind,
And Madness casts his pall upon the mind."

ON THE DEATH OF MR. CANNING.

The time hath been when no harsh sound would fall
From lips that now may seem imbued with gall.

Byron.

ALAS! that the heav'n gifted spirit hath fled,
The friend of the free, and the shield of the slave,
And, alas! that the foot of a rival should tread,
In the triumph of infamy over his grave!
And, alas! that another should ever arise,
In that place whence the thunders of Freedom were hurl'd,
By as lofty a soul as e'er sprang from the skies,
The boast of his land, and the pride of the world.
For scarce grew the coldness of death thro' his clay,
When the fiend of ascendancy shouted aloud,
That the mighty one melted like snow in the spray,
And that Freedom was fated to share of his shroud.
And will ye, who have listen'd with pleasure and pride,
When the silver-tongued God of the Senate arose,
Will ye tamely look on while his vassals deride,
And grudge ev'n his ashes their dreary repose?
Forbid it, thou God! of whose essence his mind
Held such portion as doth the *pale* moon of the Sun!
Forbid it, all ye who are friends of mankind,
And love Liberty's champions, for *Canning* was one!
Forbid it, *Columbia*! for whom thousands fell,
And the wail of the slave has ascended for years;
'Tis well, may the snows that eternally dwell
On your mountains, melt down into torrents of tears.
For his breath was the first that proclaim'd thee unchain'd,
And fann'd thy bright flag when its folds were unfurl'd;
With that breath he dispell'd all the clouds that remain'd,
And thou shon'st as he spoke, the first star of the world.
Forbid it, bright land of the sword and the song!
On thy mountains the standard of Freedom is set,
Thy hands are unfetter'd—thy glory is strong,
But *who* gave thee those blessings thou can'st not forget.
Thou can'st not forget that when nations look'd on—
Yea! nations that pray'd to the God of thy pray'r—
And beheld all thy glory and liberty gone,
Who soothed thy sorrow and scatter'd thy tear!
Forbid it, *green land*, of the harp and the chain,
Sad land of long centuries' struggles, forbid;
For tho' in thy battle his strength was in vain,
Yet all could be done by a mortal he did!
The light of his genius so brighten'd around thee,
The strength of his spirit so mingled with thine,
That where is the tyrant could bind as he bound thee,
Or the brand of dissension fling back on thy shrine?
True, without ev'n *his* effort thy cause must succeed,
For its pace is the giant's impetuous stride,
Yet was't not thy pride, in the day of thy need,
That he stood like a host 'gainst a host by thy side?
Columbia—*Greece*—*Erin*—ye Senator-souls,
Whose proudest reward is your people's applause,
Say, will ye not check the vile wrath as it rolls
From lips never hallow'd by Liberty's cause?
Yes! shield his great memory—tho' stainless it is,
For he who subdued *them* nor heeds them nor hears:
Let the tear of affection for ever be *his*,
And the curses of Freedom eternally theirs.

Cork, 3d March.

J. A. S.

[IRISH GRAMMARS AND VOCABULARIES.]

THE history of the Irish language throws more light upon the ancient state of Ireland and its political changes, than the written and doubtful annals of our forefathers. As yet, however, no one has succeeded in giving us a critical and philosophical view of the subject. The treatises which have been written on the history of the Irish language, were either ridiculous or puerile; and though efforts have been recently made to investigate its details, much remains still to be accomplished. We should like to see Mr. Hardiman undertake this task; and if he wanted efficient colleagues, he would find them in the Rev. Mr. Walsh and Mr. Scurry. The latter gentleman has just published, or rather the Royal Irish Academy has just published for him, 'Remarks on the Irish Language, with a Review of its Glossaries, Vocabularies, and Dictionaries;' an able and learned essay, but fundamentally erroneous in the views which the author has taken of the Irish language. His Review of the Grammars, &c. is highly valuable and useful, and this part of the work we shall now condense for the instruction of our readers.

The Irish language, as an object of literature, is deserving of the utmost attention. It possesses all the marks of a primordial tongue, and derives its origin from the most remote antiquity. Its primitive words are generally monosyllables. The different classes of derivatives are produced by a mechanism simple and regular. It furnishes a key to all those other branches of the widely extended Celtic, which imitate the formation of its inflections, but are much inferior to it in simplicity and in the preservation of the common radices. These circumstances, particularly the latter, have recommended the language of Ireland to the attention of the learned of Europe, from some of the most distinguished of whom it drew forth the highest eulogiums. But however honoured abroad, it is slighted at home. By our gentry abandoned, and by our literati, ignorant of its beauties, it has been generally, but unmeritedly, neglected. Like some majestic edifice, once the proud seat of imperial grandeur, after a lapse of time and change of cir-

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cumstances, deserted, decayed and doomed to shelter the humble peasant or the shepherd's care. The sublime and lofty halls, pinnacles and towers, splendid but melancholy monuments of former magnificence, remain to exercise the talents of antiquarian learning and excite the admiration of ages. Such, at the present day, is the language of Ireland. But after braving a thousand storms, it yet remains unimpaired, and so will continue, *monumentum are perennius*.

A knowledge of the Irish language is easily acquired. It is simple and regular in its structure, possesses few flexional heteroclitics, and the various sounds of its letters are so fixed to certain positions in words, and with such regular combinations, as to be almost invariable and determinate. It will appear in the sequel that the student is not yet furnished with sufficient aids for that acquirement. It is presumed, that to facilitate the attainment of this purest branch of the ancient language of the Celts, would be a work as desirable to the native, as it would be valuable and interesting to the learned foreigner. The former it would render familiar with the written memorials of the learning and wisdom of his forefathers. It would enable him to relish the sweets of our charming poetical compositions, not inferior to those of the celebrated ancients, which have so long and so deservedly regulated the taste of mankind. His ideas would be enriched by opening to his view the treasures and beauties of a language "unparalleled in describing Nature in her fairest forms and most stupendous operations," and in giving expression to the strongest as well as gentlest passions of the mind. To the originality, copiousness and historical utility of our language, the most enlightened antiquaries and profound philologists of Europe have borne testimony. Facts and existing monuments corroborate their opinions, and shew that they were not the result of prepossession, interest or prejudice. The learned foreigner, attempting by etymology to trace the radices of words in any of the languages founded on the Celtic, or by antiquarian research, to develop the history of any of the early nations of Europe, would here find lights to irra-

diate the hitherto impervious gloom of northern antiquity. This sequestered dialect would enable him to clear up many historical doubts respecting the origin of the various nations of this quarter of the globe. Let it not be supposed that this is assuming too much. It is the declared opinion of some of the wisest and most learned of mankind.

There are many grammatical treatises extant in manuscript, compiled long before the invention of printing; some of which are of considerable antiquity, but have never been benefitted by that great discovery. The oldest of these, and perhaps the most ancient grammatical treatise extant of any language is the—

PRIMER OF THE BARDS,

written by Feirceirtne the poet, by some called Forchern, about the period of the Incarnation of our Redeemer, and in the reign of Conor Mac Nessa, monarch of Ireland. This treatise was afterwards revised and enlarged by *Cinfaela na Foghlaim*—"Cinfaela the learned," in the seventh century. Of it there are copies preserved in the Books of Leacan and Ballimote, in the possession of the Royal Irish Academy, which, so far as I had an opportunity of comparing, appeared to me to agree. A more ancient copy than either, but not so copious, written on vellum in the twelfth century, is in the collection of Mr. Hardiman. This latter appears to me to be the genuine work of Cinfaela. There is in the same collection a much more modern transcript than either of the foregoing, and more diffuse, as containing the additions of subsequent grammarians. This, and all the other ancient grammars, which I have seen, chiefly treat of the orthography and prosody of our language, and that in the most masterly and copious manner, but treat very slightly of etymology, and not at all of syntax. Did these venerable documents belong to any other country, or relate to any other language of Europe, they would have long since been laid before the world. It only remains here to express a hope, that as the unfortunate and short-sighted prejudice, which extended even to our language, is at length giving way to more liberal sentiments, the ingenious student may soon be enabled to trace the progress of his native tongue in those original treatises through the medium of the press, to

which he is indebted for all these, which we now proceed to notice.

O'MOLLOY'S IRISH GRAMMAR.—

Rome, 1677.

The first printed Irish grammar, with which I am acquainted, is that of the Rev. Francis O'Molloy, compiled in Latin, and entitled "*Grammatica Latino-Hibernica nunc compendiatæ*."—Authore Rev. P. Fr. Francisco O'Molloy, 12mo. Ex. Typog. S. Congreg. de Propaganda Fide, Romæ, 1677, pp. 286."—It contains twenty-five chapters. The first nine treat of the letters, their nature, enunciation, affinities and various relations. The tenth, eleventh, and twelfth, of etymology, which he handles very slightly, and from the description given by him of the irregular verbs, it would be almost sufficient to deter any one from learning the language, whereas they are not near so numerous or so difficult as in other languages.—The thirteenth chapter treats of the ancient *Ogham* and abbreviations; and the remaining twelve chapters, of prosody, in which department all succeeding grammarians are indebted to him. The author concludes his work with an appeal to his readers, equally modest and affecting, in the following words:—*Et hæc de his pro nunc sufficiant levidensibus. Ceterum, si in aliquo hic forsân defeci, vel excessi, quæso, excuser; à quadriginta et amplius annis inter exteros procul positus a patria, patriis monumentis, et magistris, qui aliis mihi omnem possent tergere caliginem.*

LLUYD'S IRISH GRAMMAR.—

Oxford, 1707.

The next grammar of our language which appeared was that of Llyud, contained in his *Archæologia Britannica*, and prefixed to his *Irish-English Dictionary*. It is chiefly extracted from O'Molloy's and from another in manuscript, written by an anonymous author at Lovain in the year 1669.—It contains seven chapters. The first treats of the letters—the second of the quantity of syllables and parts of speech. The latter he reckons seven, viz. 'Article, noun, preposition, verb, adverb, conjunction, pronoun,' stating at the same time that the more ancient grammarians reckoned but three, namely, noun, pronoun, and verb.

MACCURTIN'S IRISH GRAMMAR.—

Lovain, 1728.

The next grammar that appeared after

Lluyd's is that of Hugh Mac Curtin, entitled, 'The Elements of the Irish Language, grammatically explained in English, in 14 chapters.' By H. Mac Curtin. Small 8vo. Lovain, 1728.

This grammar is very scarce in its detached state, but that scarcity is less felt in consequence of its being re-printed with his English-Irish Dictionary in the year 1732. The preface is excellent. In it he states the reasons for undertaking his Grammar, and ably refutes the objections brought by prejudice against such an undertaking, by shewing the advantages derivable from an acquaintance with our language and records. The three first chapters treat of orthography. The 1st. Of the modern alphabet, in which he gives the Irish characters of the letters, their names from trees, and their pronunciation by corresponding letters in English, Latin or Greek, and classes the letters in their respective subdivisions. The second treats with clearness and propriety of the influence of consonants on each other by eclipsis and suppression. The third of vowels—their nature, quantity, pronunciation and orthography. On this subject he has left room for future labourers in that way. He has classed the vowels into *broad* and *slender*; but has not pointed out their various quantities, long, short, obscure, and diphthongal, nor has he shewn the provincial peculiarities of pronouncing them. He has divided them into diphthongs and triphthongs according to terms of art, taken from the characteristic or leading vowel of each; but has not shewn the various quantities of such of them as are occasionally long and short by nature. In this chapter he also treats of the accent, and correspondence of vowels in spelling, of their commutability and elision. The fourth treats of the parts of speech, and first of the article. In the number of the parts of speech he agrees with O'Molloy and Lluyd. With respect to the articles he follows the last mentioned grammarians, and asserts that there are several kinds of articles; (by which word, I am of opinion, he must mean *Particles*) some he calls *nominals*, and others *verbal*, *adverbial*, *pronominal* and *interrogative*.—He even asserts the impersonal verb *is* or *as* (i. e. it is) to be an article.—Those which he calls *nominals*, with the exception of the definite article *an* (the), are substantives, verbs, or interjections. The *verbal* are adverbs. The *adverbial*

are prepositions placed before nouns, The *pronominal* are demonstrative or indefinite pronouns; and the *interrogative* are either pronouns or adverbs.—The fifth treats of the form and figure of nouns, which would be well treated if the adjective were distinguished from the substantive. Much more could be said on this subject, which would form an invaluable and curious display of the mechanism of our derivative words, and the analogies by which they are formed on the primitives. The sixth treats of the noun, its gender, number and case. He says nouns are of two kinds, viz. substantive and adjective. The substantive of two kinds, viz. common and proper. The genders two—masculine and feminine. The numbers two—singular and plural. The cases six, as in the Latin, according to the moderns, and four, according to the ancients.

VALLANCEY'S IRISH GRAMMAR.—

Dublin, 1782.

For nearly half the eighteenth century the Irish student had no other grammatical assistance in the study of his native tongue, except the works already noticed. In the year 1773, however, Major Charles Vallancey, an English gentleman of talents and erudition, who had previously made our language his study, published a grammar of it in quarto, with a learned preface, which tended considerably to excite the attention of the public to a subject that had long lain in oblivion. Of this grammar an improved edition was published in 1782, octavo, with an 'Essay on the Celtic language, shewing the importance of the Ibero-Celtic or Irish dialect to students in history, antiquity, and the Greek and Roman classics.'—The antiquary and scholar are referred to the work itself for this curious essay, as it does not come properly within the limits of the present disquisition.

A GRAMMAR OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.—

Dublin, 1808.

Published in octavo, under the fictitious signature E. O. C.; but the author was William Halliday, a native of Dublin, and a singularly gifted youth, who not only compiled this grammar, but published the first volume of a most excellent translation of Keating's History of Ireland, with the original, on collateral pages. He also proceeded on a Lexicon of the language, which he would have published, but was prevented by a premature death at the

early age of 23. Had this young gentleman lived, he would most probably have achieved more for the ancient literature of Ireland than any other individual of his time. His early display of talents and deep knowledge of the Greek, Latin and some of the Oriental languages, joined with unwearied antiquarian research, and an enthusiastic zeal for devoting his talents to the service of his country, would have rendered him one of its brightest literary ornaments.—Of this the works which he has left behind him bear ample testimony.

His grammar, which alone can be noticed here, is dedicated to the Highland Societies of London and Edinburgh. The introduction is a learned dissertation on the language which the work analyzes.—He adduces the testimonies of the most eminent men in the walks of literature respecting the originality, antiquity and utility of our language, and refutes the charges which ignorance, prejudice and misrepresentation have made against it. He exults in the prospect, which presented itself before him, of seeing his native language and literature restored to their former celebrity. He earnestly entreats the Irish and Scotch, as descended from the same stock, to unite their endeavours in reviving the Gaelic as their common language. He concludes by an address, in the words of Hugh Mac Curtin, to the generous natives of England, to give us their confidence and affection. This short introduction does equal honour to the head and heart of the writer.

NEILSON'S IRISH GRAMMAR.—

Dublin, 1808.

This is, 'An Introduction to the Irish Language, in three parts. I. An original and comprehensive grammar.—II. Familiar phrases and dialogues.—III. Extracts from Irish books and manuscripts in the original characters, with copious tables of the contractions.'

Doctor Neilson long resided as a classical teacher in Dundalk. He is known as the author of introductory books in the Greek language. His knowledge of the Irish procured him a kind of lectureship in that town, in consequence of which he delivered occasional moral discourses or sermons in that language.—He was afterwards chosen classical teacher of the Belfast Academical Irish Institution, a situation which he filled with honour to himself and advantage to that patriotic and valuable establishment.

His death is attributed, with every appearance of justice, to excessive application to his favourite literary pursuits. His labours for the preservation and improvement of our language deserve considerable praise.

O'BRIEN'S IRISH GRAMMAR.—

Dublin, 1809.

The author of this grammar was the Rev. Paul O'Brien, professor of Irish in the college of Maynooth. He entitled his work 'A Practical Grammar of the Irish Language,' and commenced by an introduction, which points out the tendency and system of his grammar, and the requisites in addition to it for completing a course of instruction in the language, viz. a book of exercises, another of dialogues, and a dictionary. He offers his services, if at any future period his labours might be of use towards the accomplishment of what was wanting in that respect. This is followed by a poetical address to the four provinces of Ireland, in which the neglected state of our literature is deplored in pathetic strains.

This grammar, speaking generally, is a good practical treatise, containing many original and valuable remarks. It is a production of the worthy professor's old age, and not to be taken as a fair specimen of the vigor of his intellect or the extent of his learning. It seems to have been given to the world because something of the kind was expected from his high character as an Irish scholar. Did the various duties of the Rev. Mr. Loftus, his learned successor in the Irish chair of Maynooth, permit him to favour the world with the result of his deep and valuable researches in our language, our literature would be considerably benefited.

The three last preceding grammars were published within the short space of two years, 1808—1809. Their respective authors have since paid the debt of nature. Truly grateful to them should we be for the assistance they have afforded us in the study of our language. And if they have not succeeded to the full in its elucidation, yet they have done much, and have left the less to be done by their successors. To them I feel truly grateful. If, in my observations on their works, I have been obliged to dissent from some of their views, I did so with the utmost respect, and have not, I trust, indulged in a single expression which would derogate from their merits, or

hazarded an opinion to which, if living, they would not assent. Because their intentions were patriotic, and they were incapable of those selfish considerations which would defend oversights at the expense of the cause in which they so zealously laboured.

O'REILLY'S IRISH GRAMMAR.—

Dublin, 1821.

This is entitled 'A compendious Irish Grammar,' and is annexed to the author's Irish-English Dictionary. It is evidently the compilation of one ignorant of Irish as a living language, and acquainted with it only through the medium of books. In the preface the author says, 'In my grammar I have ventured to deviate a little from those who have gone before me, with what degree of propriety it is for others to decide.' Availing ourselves of that freedom, we shall now proceed to the task; and first of the 1st chapter, comprising orthography. Of the letters only a mere classification is given, and the reason stated for not treating of their sounds and powers is, that so much had been before said on that subject, but little was then necessary to be said by him. Even that 'little that was then necessary,' and which, it is presumed, ought to be what the other grammarians have left unsaid, the author has forgotten. The cause of this omission is evident. It is impossible for any person, not knowing Irish but as a dead language, to give a true representation or descrip-

tion of its sounds. It is asserted that 'The rule *Caol le caol* and *leathan le leathan*, has been carried too far,' but to what extent is not shewn; a few examples, indeed, are given, but not at all sufficient or satisfactory for a learner. It is also asserted that 'The vowels of each class, when unaccented, may be indifferently written for the other.' This is too indefinite. The author should have known, that though they are sometimes commuted by writers, a grammarian is bound to point out the propriety or impropriety of so doing, and whether custom or analogy should be followed. He then proceeds: 'It is impossible to give a correct representation of the sounds of Irish diphthongs and triphthongs by any usual combination of English vowels.' He should have given an instance of this; it would have been a better proof than mere assertion: but this he would have found rather difficult. I do not know any vowel sound, in our language, that cannot be represented by English vowel sounds either pure or mixed. If it were said that some sounds, peculiar to a few of our consonants, could not be represented by any sound in the English language, the assertion would have been well founded, such as the flat and thick sounds of *l*, *n*, *dh* and *gh*, and also of *ng*, &c. when initial, and of *r* slender, when it happens to follow *i* in the termination of a syllable.

STANZAS.

BY D. S. L.

I stood before thee, while the god was sleeping
In soft forgetfulness thy slumbering eye,
Oh! didst thou think, that while thy soul was sleeping,
Thus bending o'er thy couch myself was nigh?

I leaned above thee, and thy gentle bosom
Heav'd with the bliss of love's enchanted dream;
It was not that my hopes should ever blossom
Beneath the sun-breath of thy dark eyes' beam.

I saw thee smile; but well I knew that never
My love drew that approving smile from thee:
I heard thee sigh—those lips might sigh for ever;
It was enough, they did not sigh for me!

A smile of glory melted on thy slumber,
As of sweet memories that came brightly o'er thee,
But, ah! my image glanced not 'mid the number
Of those, who lov'd and liv'd but to adore thee.

Farewell, farewell, that passing scene is o'er;
I would not, would not waste a tear for thee;
Thy heart from love and mine has turn'd a rover,
Then take thy chains and set another free!

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.*

THE rebellion of *ninety-eight*, as it is emphatically called in Ireland, was one of those political experiments upon a large scale, from the results of which the governors and the government may alike derive instruction. The history of that unhappy country offers many subjects for philosophical and political reflection; and those who trace effects to their causes, will not, like Mr. Teeling, be guilty of the folly of attributing the rebellion to ministerial machination. Discontent was the necessary consequence of preceding events; and had been the growth of somewhat more than a quarter of a century. Subsequent to the revolution, the Irish parliament was one of the most obsequious legislative bodies in Europe. While the representatives in England were laudably contending for the extension of their rights and privileges, those of Ireland were eagerly manifesting a subserviency which elicited from the monarch what they deserved—a very undisguised contempt. Every publication that spoke of popular rights was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman: ‘The Case of Ireland Considered,’ by Molyneux, met this fate; and the political squibs of Dean Swift were regarded as manifestations of disloyalty. In 1750, however, parliament gave some slight indications of public spirit; and in 1768 Alderman Lucas succeeded in introducing a Bill, making it octennial, its duration being previously unlimited. From this period opposition members began to acquire useful popularity; and the growing strength of the country gave them support and confidence. The election franchise was extended; the government became embarrassed, in consequence of the American war, and; sooner than endanger the safety of the empire, Ireland was partially conciliated. The minister should have conceded all that was demanded, or none; the modicum of rights which the people obtained only stimulated their desire for more; and as they now possessed arms, they learnt at once the secret of their own strength, and acquired a knowledge of the many disadvantages they laboured under. To real they soon added fictitious grievances; and when the French revolution had paralysed the timid rulers of ancient dynasties, the Irish people were the first to anticipate national good from so promising an example. Under these circumstances the worst policy was pursued; the government resorted to coercion, to penal statutes, and the result was secret political societies; Wolfe Tone, the most talented of all who were concerned in the Irish rebellion, originated these; and his views, as he says himself, extended much farther than was supposed by those who at first entered into them. Government refusing to

pursue measures of conciliation, gave strength to the principles of the disaffected, and in a short time ‘United Irishmen’ abounded, in every province, particularly where the Protestant religion prevailed; for at first the Catholics were not admitted; and, indeed, the only people who made any kind of a determined stand, against the king’s forces, were Catholics, who had known nothing whatever of secret societies. Government was well aware of the extent to which the business had been carried, and very properly arrested those who were known as principal actors in the work of disaffection; and, among others, the author of the work under consideration: had they stopped here, all would have been well; but, having suspended those laws which guard individual liberty, the peasantry were, indiscriminately, handed over to the jurisdiction of men, to many of whom authority never should, in any case, have been delegated. In a short time they were goaded to madness, and more fearful consequences might have followed, were it not for circumstances which could neither have been foreseen nor calculated upon.

Mr. Teeling was indebted to his friend Lord Castlereagh, for the kind office of being put under arrest: his lordship, according to Mr. Teeling, did it rather treacherously; but when he came in the evening to visit him, they drank a few bottles of choice wine between them. The people manifested great uneasiness on the occasion, and an Irish sentinel offered him his liberty. This he did not avail himself of; and in a few days he, along with some others, was lodged in Kilmainham gaol, situated in the environs of Dublin.

On their committal all intercourse with the external world was excluded: they were denied pen, ink, and paper; but the ingenuity of female friendship obviated the prohibitions of government.

‘Despotic man, wrapt up in all his “little brief authority,” still is poor and impotent, and the hand that would crush is often more injured than the heart that resists the pressure. Whilst the dark soul of despotism was employed in devising new modes of privations and restraint, the fair spirit of liberty was awake, and the sympathy of virtue, which tyrants never feel, which fetters cannot bind nor bolts restrain, communicated confidence, entertainment, and hope. To a circumstance apparently simple in its nature, and unconnected with any measure which could tend to excite suspicion or alarm, we were indebted for the free communication with our friends, and the mutual interchange of sentiments of the last importance to both. This was effected through the ingenuity of a lady, remarkable for the benevolent and generous feelings of her

* By C. H. Teeling, Esq. London, 1828. Colburn.

heart,—(but why suppress her name? it were injustice to the virtues of the living, and the memory of the dead)—she was the daughter of one of our most wealthy and independent citizens, whose wealth and independence were the least enviable of his endowments; she was the wife of the patriotic Bond, whose fate his country to this hour deplores, and whose station in the ranks of his countrymen remains yet to be filled. Should this page meet her eye, she will pardon the liberty which the writer has taken with a name associated with all that is amiable, and hallowed by the recollection of her virtues and misfortunes.

‘On that great festival which is respected in every quarter of the Christian world, this excellent lady, having addressed a polite message to the first authority of the prison, requested through him permission to furnish a dish for the table of the prisoners of state, who had long been excluded from their families and homes, and in this season of festivity, deprived of the enjoyment of which even the humblest peasant partakes. This dish was accompanied by one of smaller dimensions, but of similar appearance, which was presented to the good lady, the governor’s spouse. Never did the governor or his gentle rib partake of a dish more agreeable to their palates; it was a pasty of exquisite flavour, and seasoned by no parsimonious hand. Dainties of this kind were novel to the captive, but still more novel the design;—choice indeed were the materials of which our dish was composed, and most acceptable to those for whose entertainment it was prepared. With the full permission of the governor the pie was placed on our table, the turnkey received his Christmas-box, smiled as he turned the money in his hand, and retired. Under cover of the encrustment, which was artfully but with apparent simplicity arranged, the dish was filled with writing materials, foreign and domestic newspapers, communications from friends, and

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It is impossible to describe, and difficult to conceive, the sensations to which this discovery gave birth, or the happy results of this most ingenious device.

“O woman!--
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.”

‘From the hour of our imprisonment to this moment we had been utter strangers to every foreign and domestic occurrence, save the very guarded communications we received through the office of the secretary of state. But we now felt as if a new soul breathed within us; we were assured of the attachment of our friends, the sympathy of our country, and the strength of our cause; we learnt the weakness of our oppressors, we felt that our strength increased in proportion, for the talent and virtue of the land were ranked on the side of union. The most distinguished for worth, for in-

fluence, and fortune, were now the assertors of their country’s rights! Union was strength, and strength was security, and virtue was the bond of national hope.’

Ireland, at this time, was in a very critical situation; and the following anecdote shows that those in authority did not repose upon beds of roses:

‘While the French fleet remained on the coast, the alarm on one hand was more than counterbalanced by the hopes entertained on the other; and the following simple occurrence is in some measure illustrative of the general panic that pervaded every department, in any degree connected with the government.

‘For some days an intense frost had prevailed, and the snow had fallen in deep and heavy drifts, but the atmosphere had become more mild, and an imperceptible thaw had already commenced. The snow with which the lofty parapets of the prison had been surcharged, and nearly bending under the weight, now came tumbling in heavy masses, with tremendous crash, on the smooth and deep flagged passages below, and re-echoing from the vaulted walls in the interior of the prison, resembled the noise of a distant but approaching cannonade. It was near the hour of midnight—all were aroused—the alarm excited was almost beyond the bounds of belief. The prison authorities were palsied with terror. The sentries paced their solitary rounds, in vain looking for relief, and expecting momentary destruction; the prisoners alone were unmoved, for the imagined cannon of the foe menaced no ill to the captive in the cell. At this period of unprecedented alarm, no idea of resistance was entertained for a moment to the emancipation of all within. We were addressed by the prison authorities, with every expression of confidence and kindness. They were unmeasured in their professions of respect—they deplored the privations we had encountered—they shifted the blame from themselves to a higher quarter, and implored the protection of the prisoners of state. A little time, however, disclosed the cause of alarm; terror subsided—confidence was resumed, and the sentry again proclaimed

“All’s well.”

Mr. Teeling’s health having been impaired by the rigour of his confinement, he was admitted to bail, until he recovered from his illness. This, in due time, was happily effected, and he repaired to the castle for the purpose of surrendering himself to the secretary of state.

‘When I alighted from my carriage, I was surprised at the military display which the castle of Dublin presented; it bore more the appearance of a citadel besieged, than the peaceful residence of the civil authorities. Every man was dressed in military costume. The clerks of office frisked about like young cadets, who, though vain of their dress

and appointments, were not yet familiarised with their use. Such of the law officers as I encountered, had exchanged their sable for scarlet, and presented the most grotesque appearance;—a perfect caricature of the military profession. Some of the aldermanic body who happened to be in attendance, were so completely metamorphosed, that even the inventive imagination of Shakspeare could have produced no forms more extraordinary, or more opposite in nature to the human race;—a combination of German moustaches, with Prussian cues extending from the cumbrous helmet which covered the tonsured crown of years, the gross unwieldy paunch supported by a belt cracking under the weight of turtle and savory ragouts. The immense rotundity projecting beyond the scanty skirt of a light horseman's jacket, formed an appearance not more disgusting to the eye, than unsuited to the saddle which was to bear the precious burthen of the gallant volunteer. "And are these," said I, "the heroes that were to contend with Hoche!!! Oh, blessed be the hour that raised the storm which protected corporate rights, and deprived the vulture of its prey."

"The secretary received me with the urbanity of manners which always distinguishes the gentleman, and the courtesy which bespeaks a liberal mind. Perhaps we had both been mistaken in the character of each other;—common fame had represented him as a man of cold calculating disposition, coarse and repulsive manners; and he, in all probability, had expected to encounter, in the person of a prisoner of state, the sanguinary regicide, the despoiler of altars and of thrones. He at once, however, perceived, that whatever might have been my disposition heretofore, my person now exhibited but slender physical powers of hostility to the government. "You appear weak and fatigued, sir," said he, "have the kindness to be seated." "I am come, Mr. Secretary," said I, "to redeem the pledge which my friends have given, and to surrender myself up to the disposal of government."

"The secretary, who from the nature of his official situation, must have been familiar with many cases of individual as well as public distress, had not perhaps heretofore encountered an interview with any of those who were the victims to tyranny and the suspension of law. He had now an opportunity of witnessing in my person the effects of both. He entered into conversation with me on the nature and extent of my imprisonment, and in our lengthened discourse he perhaps perceived, that the genuine principles of *liberty* were more deeply implanted in my bosom than the feelings of *hostility* or *revenge*. I spoke with an honest freedom, and in the warm glow of filial indignation against the unprovoked cruelties which my father and family had experienced. I

arraigned the conduct of those who had perpetrated, and the passive injustice of those who had sanctioned the foul proceedings. "I am disposed," said he, "to concede much to the impetuosity of youth, in consideration of feelings which it were now more prudent to suppress than indulge;—but the wisdom of the legislature cannot be questioned, and the power of government must be exercised when milder measures have failed."

"I felt indebted for the humane consideration which Mr. Cooke had *personally* evinced for the restoration of my health, and unwilling to trespass longer on the duties of his office, I begged of him to accept my surrender, and exonerate my friends from further responsibility on my account. The better feelings of nature on this occasion were not alienated by the cold and heartless duties of the man of office; his countenance betrayed a sensibility of which he himself, perhaps, was not conscious, and, with an expression of unaffected kindness, he asked me, "was I not yet tired of a prison?" "I accept," said he, "your surrender; your friends shall not be held further responsible, but it would be destructive to your health"—(and with a look which seemed to imply, "and painful to my own feelings")—"remand you to prison. Your recovery depends much on exercise and the renovating air of the country; and at the approaching term for trial, should government be disposed to proceed on yours, leave me your address, and we shall apprise you." "I shall in the interim then," I observed, "proceed to the north, where the air of my native mountains will tend to perfect the re-establishment of my health." "No, no," replied the secretary hastily, "not to the north, by no means to the north, remember you are still under the surveillance of government; we shall keep a watchful eye on you." "Permit me, at least, to visit my old fellow-prisoners, and favour me with an order of admission to *Kilmainham*?" "What, again to prison? Has your long residence there not been sufficient, that you are still desirous to return?" "I am desirous," I replied, "to visit the companions of my captivity, for our attachment is mutual and sincere, and could I say it without offence, persecution"—"Hold," said the secretary, "you shall have an order for admission *for once only*: remember it cannot extend beyond one visit."

The remainder of the volume is filled with details of the rebellion, of most of which, Mr. Teeling could not have had personal knowledge; and as he does not appear to have consulted those sources of information which lay open to him, he has fallen into numerous inaccuracies. In addition to this, the style of the work is by far too bombastic, the author aims too much at *effect*, and seldom descends to that soberness which is necessary to give value to a book intended as a help to history.